JOHN BULL, AUGUST 6, 1932

HURRY FOR RECORD AUGUST PRIZE SEE PAGE 31.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1364.

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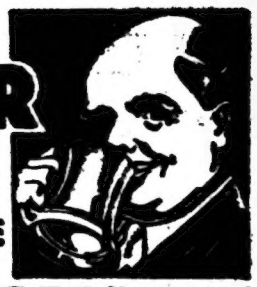

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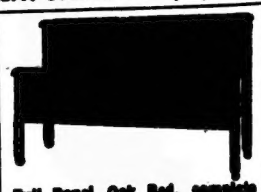
IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To all prospective Club Agents, also Agents of other Clubs. **IT WILL PAY YOU** to become an organiser for the National Benefit Stores, as you will not only EARN MORE MONEY FOR YOURSELF, but you will find it much easier to get members to join our Clubs as we provide better value than any other firm in the country. Join at once the thousands of our well-satisfied agents, who are now earning big money through the medium of our popular clubs. **Send Postcard (penny stamp) NOW, for £6 COMMISSION. Catalogues and particulars of how to easily earn**

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Pollard St., Ancoats, Manchester

Reclining Arm Chair, with two Velvet Cushions, only 10/-.


Full Panel Oak Bed, complete with Wire Mattress, 20/-

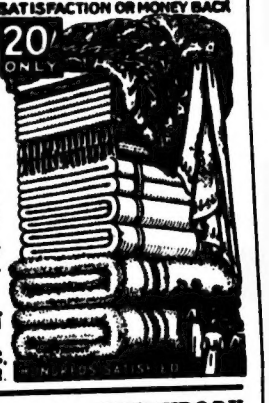
Solid Oak Full-Size Sideboard, with Mirror, 40/-

Pair of All Pure Wool Blankets, only 10/- the pair.

QUILTS FREE

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 Woolly Blankets	60x80
2 Cotton Sheets	60x80
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
1 White Bolster Case	58x20
1 Art. Bedspread	60x80
2 Turkish Towels	42x20
1 Damask Table Cloth	52x52
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	
1 Lady's Printed Overall	



All Lancashire made goods direct from our Mill. Renowned for their splendid value and lasting wear.

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

No further payments.

Free gift of lovely **WADDED DOWN QUILT** Sent with this Sale.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. C. Paton St., MANCHESTER.

GREENHOUSES FOR EVERYBODY

STARTLING REDUCTIONS.

£2.17.6 Complete

Substantially constructed of well-seasoned timber, lower part being covered with good sound 5in. Planed Rebated and Moulded Weatherboards. Fitted with strong door, necessary ventilators, with ironwork. Hinges for each side, best horticultural glass throughout, and sufficient paint for one coat after erection. On rail ex works.

Lengths ft. ins.	Width ft. ins.	Height ft. ins.	To Eaves ft. ins.	Usual Price £ s. d.	Reduced Price £ s. d.
7 0	5 0	7 0	4 0	4 12 6	3 17 6
7 0	6 0	7 3	4 0	5 0 0	4 5 0
9 0	6 0	7 6	4 6	7 5 0	5 5 0
10 0	7 0	7 6	4 6	9 0 0	6 5 0
12 0	8 0	8 0	5 0	9 0 0	8 5 0
13 0	9 0	8 0	5 0	11 10 0	8 5 0

Bungalows, Poultry Houses, Sheds, Rustic Houses, etc.

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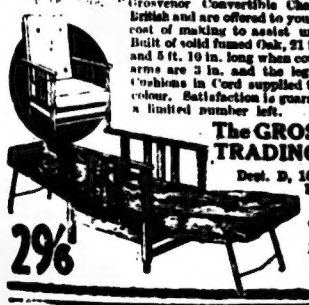
A Convertible chair at Maker's Cost



It is little economy to buy furniture at a ridiculously low price, the material and workmanship cannot be good. "Grosvenor Convertible Chairs" are All British and are offered to you at the actual cost of making to assist unemployment. Built of solid fumed Oak, 21 in. wide inside and 5 ft. 10 in. long when converted. The arms are 3 in. and the legs 2 in. thick. Cushions in Cord supplied to any desired colour. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only a limited number left.

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Carr. and Package England and Wales 2/- extra.

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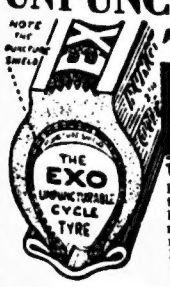

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Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by new Hydraulic Process—50 per cent. more mileage guaranteed. Shoals of testimonials. **TRIAL PRICE 3/11.** Post 7d. Two for 8/2, post paid. State size.

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Guaranteed Two Years Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Parts. 3/- in the £ saving.

Trade enquiries invited.

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The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 206J. 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

BABY CLOTHES EVERYTHING NEEDED

75 HOME MADE GARMENTS 30/- **1/6** WEEKLY

Including beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Night-gowns, Mat. Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Napa, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 1/6 for parcel on appro. and satisfy yourself before paying balance on terms or cash, money back guarantee.

Expectant mothers should wear a Maternity Belt. I include one free, or, if preferred, a beautiful dressing jacket

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TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edward O'Brien (1924) Dept. J., COVENTRY.

The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

This Powerful British Made Three Valve **WIRELESS SET** Post Carr. Paid ready to switch on for 11/- down and **2/6** weekly

Guaranteed for 12 months. Absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Chassis, Valves, Batts, Accumulator and Radiolite, all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Foreign Stations easily obtained.

8/- 17/- cash or 11/- down and 8/6 weekly. No Extras. Send 11/- deposit or write for Illustrated Illustrated Booklet.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3 AR.), 97, GRAY'S INN RD., LONDON, W.C.1.

THORNS' SALE

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.16.0	or 4/9 monthly
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8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	£4. 0.0	or 10/2 monthly
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.		

Carr. Paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue. No. 66.** of Garages, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions—over 1,500 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 66) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent

COST OVER 20/- PER PAIR

These tan shooting boots were made for U.S. Army, at a cost of over 20/- per pair, and are built of very best materials throughout. Stout tan grain uppers, ½ in. sole, hand-sewn principle, whole hide heels, everything of the best. Ideal for golf or general wear. Clearing the remaining sizes, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

8/-

Size 5 (ideal for boys), 6/-.

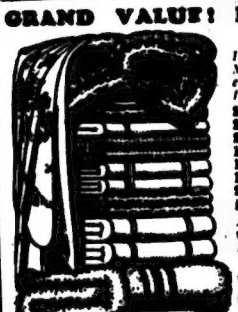
Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. (or C.O.D.)

Every Pair Guaranteed.

Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10/-, post 9d.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

GRAND VALUE! DIRECT FROM FACTORY!!



In buying direct from our Mills you obtain all this excellent Bale carr. free for only 20/- cash or C.O.D.

2 Soft Woolly Blankets	90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90x70
2 Lovn Pillow Slips	30x18
1 Cotton Bolster Case	58x20
1 Fancoloid Bedspread	80x80
1 Pyjama Case to match.	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels.	
1 Doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs.	

All double bed size and made for lasting wear. Money back if not delighted

A Handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT *is free with each Bale. Also pair of Art. Silk Stockings free if cash with order.*

STANDARD (HUDDERSFIELD) Dept. E.4, 181, Princess Street, Manchester.

600,000 BRITISH MADE SHIRTS-

with two collars to match
have now been ordered to meet the greatly increased demand by smokers of

CARRERAS'

'CLUBS'

The Best 5 for 2p cigarettes

– and this offer is extended to

SEPTEMBER 30TH

This offer is continued because we know that if you will give 'CLUBS' a fair trial you will not smoke an ordinary 5 for 2d. cigarette again. 'CLUBS' are better filled—better made—better value—in fact, the best 5 for 2d. cigarettes on the market. Start smoking 'CLUBS' to-day, and save the empty packets.

A FINE POPLIN GUARANTEED FADELESS BRITISH MADE SHIRT WITH 2 COLLARS TO MATCH IS YOURS FOR ONLY 150 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS

This offer means to British Workers

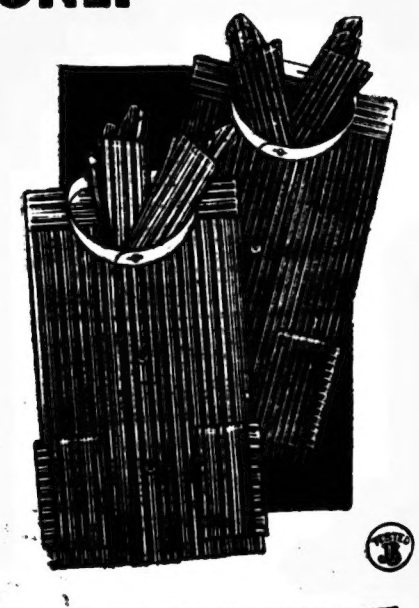
that many mills in Lancashire have had to be re-opened giving greatly increased employment. In order to meet the huge demand for these shirts, Carreras have ordered 1½ MILLION YARDS of material from British Mills. Keep on smoking 'CLUBS' and help to create more employment. You can have as many shirts as you like if you send the full number of packets for each shirt.

Send 150 empty 'CLUBS' fives packets (or 75 tens packets) with your name and address, stating whether pattern A, B, C or D is required. Also state size of *outside collar worn* (not neckband).

In the following outside collar sizes:
14", 14½", 15", 15½", 16", 16½", 17"

PATTERNS
A . . . Brown—narrow stripes
B . . . Blue —narrow stripes
C . . . Blue —wide stripes
D . . . Brown—wide stripes

Send your empty packets to 'CLUBS', Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.



THIS OFFER IS EXTENDED TO SEPTEMBER 30TH

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, August 6, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

THEY CAN'T MUZZLE US..

THEY may think they can, but they *can't* muzzle JOHN BULL. No matter who or what they are.

They may be politicians of any party, callous or incompetent officials, men or women in every walk of public life whose deeds or words we feel it our duty to criticise or condemn.

Or they may be swindling Napoleons of finance, or the lesser crooks and charlatans who batten on the credulity of our readers and the public at large.

About them all we tell the truth—the whole home truth—without fear or favour.

Some of them try to muzzle us by legal procedure. But it can't be done. Some may do it for a time, but never for all the time.

Among the latter may be classed Barnett Gottlieb, one of the biggest commercial swindlers who has ever operated in the East End of London.

He, in fact, by dexterous use of the Law's facilities, managed to stave off our reckoning with him for a considerable time.

But we brought him to book at last. He has just gone to prison for eighteen months.

Our readers know all about the exposures we publish week in and week out. What they do not know is what frequently goes on behind the scenes—the attempts to prevent those disclosures from ever getting into print.

The case of Barnet Gottlieb gives us an opportunity of te ling them.

They can rest assured that if JOHN BULL deems it in their interest to speak out, it speaks out. It shows fear nor favour to no one.

If an influential titled personage is lending his name in support of a shady company flotation he is just as certain to find himself denounced in our columns as the lowliest of fee-snatchers.

Some of those who plot and scheme are crude and pitiful in their puerile efforts.

We recall one instance—that of a merchant who planned a huge scheme for distributing certain imported manufactures throughout the kingdom.

He appointed agents from one end of the country to the other, and saddled them with goods by a very cruel trick, whereby they all lost heavily.

We exposed his roguery, and that week's issue had barely been on sale an hour before he was at our offices attempting to bluff us into an apology. He produced documents to show he was a man of substance, but was told firmly that much more was known about his cruel swindle than even was said.

He tried other tactics then, pleading and whining, asking what was to become of his family. We told him we were much more concerned for the families of the countless small traders who had been ruined by his trickery.

He pleaded and whined in vain.

There are audacious people who go to the length of starting actions against us for alleged libel, though they have no intention of seeing such actions through. This is, perhaps, the most impudent attempt at muzzling of all.

All they want is a respite. Once they have issued a writ they feel secure from further exposure because comment on a case which is the subject of litigation may be contempt of Court.

* * *

Barnet Gottlieb was one of these audacious tricksters. He was behind many conspiracies for defrauding honest traders, though usually he remained well in the background.

It was in July last year that we first had occasion to denounce him for the part he played in a conspiracy which hinged upon a bogus burglary of 200,000 cigarettes.

He realised that we knew more about him than was compatible with his safety. So he issued a writ against us, suggesting that we had damaged his credit and reputation!

Meanwhile the authorities became aware of his operations, and the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy consulted us.

The other day this arch rogue appeared at the Central Criminal Court, where Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., described him as "the general of the army" of conspirators.

He was sentenced by Judge Gregory to eighteen months' hard labour.

Five confederates who appeared with him were sentenced to lesser terms. Thus a very dangerous gang of commercial plunderers has been broken up, thanks to JOHN BULL and the excellent work of the police.

* * *

We could name many others who have launched against us bogus actions which have come to nothing—night club proprietors, notorious white-slavers, postal cheap-jacks, stock and share swindlers, home employment fee-snatchers, and so on.

Not one had a shadow of a claim, yet all were able to pose for a time as injured parties, and boast that they would soon be vindicated in a Court of Law. Then they quietly withdrew their actions.

We are proud to protect the public by exposing rogues like these, and we shall continue to do so without fear or favour in the face of all their attempts to muzzle us.

They don't frighten us. They may play for a time, but we get them in the end.

We have unmasked them fearlessly in the past. We shall do so in the future.

Equally shall we continue to speak our mind to those, high and low, who, though in no sense criminals, speak or act in a manner that calls for criticism and condemnation.

We shall do it, as always, as is our boast—*without fear and without favour.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Good Empire News for the Men of Ottawa

THE score at the Ottawa cricket match (*vide* Jimmy Thomas) may not be mounting very rapidly, but the Empire outlook is brighter all the same.

Australia has now a favourable trade balance; more wool has been sold at better prices, and Mr. Bruce hopes to arrange a debt conversion scheme when he comes to London in the autumn.

Canadian timber exports are up and bigger grain yields are expected this harvest.

This is good news indeed.

Fifty-fifty

Perhaps it will make run-getting easier in the Ottawa "cricket match."

If the Dominions are having a better time they won't mind so much being reminded that while most of their goods enter Great Britain duty free, most of ours face a tariff when entering the Dominions.

Mr. Baldwin bowled well when he drove home this point in the British delegation's statement the other day.

We want to be fair to the Dominions, but we want them to be equally fair to us. After all, that's cricket.

It still goes on!

The first session of the Disarmament Conference is over, having cost hundreds of thousands of pounds and lasted for months. And the result?

Well, Germany wants a bigger army. France and Italy are having a naval armament race between themselves.

And Britain is going to build three cruisers, nine destroyers, three submarines and other armed craft in the autumn.

These are only "replacements," it is true, but it doesn't bring disarmament any nearer.

Senseless

Because of our tariff on Irish Free State goods, housewives must pay more for them. Because of the Free State tariff on our commodities, our employers and workpeople suffer through smaller orders.

If two schoolboys tried to settle a dispute on these lines, they would get smacked. And quite right, too.

The next best

Here's to the Duke of York!

He is helping the Trades Union Congress to get more playing fields and sports outfits for the workless, and the National Playing Fields Association is also throwing its whole weight into the scheme.

If the unemployed can't be provided with work, the next best thing is to keep them fit for a job when it comes.

Sauce for him

A London man offered to pay his income-tax by four weekly instalments. The collector refused to accept instalments.

When the man was summoned the Lord Mayor said he was making an honest effort to pay, and allowed him a month in which to do so.

Somerset House pleads that collectors would have extra work if they accepted instalments.

Well, most of us have to work hard to pay our tax. What's sauce for the goose . . .

Can they beat it?

The railways are up against hard times. But if they were as efficient as they are safe, they'd soon get over them.

Only eight persons were killed in train accidents last year. Yet in a single month the railways carry as many as ninety million passengers.

Can any other country beat this?

Overdue

Parliament can get things done very quickly when it likes. Usually it doesn't like. Wives whose husbands are hopelessly insane, or are serving penal servitude for life, or are habitual drunkards, are unable to secure divorce because the recommendations of a Royal Commission of twenty years ago have never been carried out.

JOHN BULL has constantly exposed this scandal. So the Marriage Law Reform League, which is petitioning Parliament on the matter, has our best wishes.

A Challenge to a Duke!

Hero of the Signal Box

Why not let the Duke's coronet gleam in Camberwell?

The spirit of adventure

On the same day that the headmaster of a famous public school declared that the boys of to-day are a poor lot, deficient in the spirit of adventure, two small boys aged eleven and twelve were remanded at Kingston.

Their trouble was the spirit of adventure which led them, it was alleged, to steal knives, string, etc., from a shop preparatory to camping out for the week-end on a common.

Such is progress!

In the bad old days the magistrates would have told the parents to take the boys home and give them a good hiding. And all would have been over.

As it was, the sobbing children were remanded and the two mothers fainted.

And we think we have progressed!

Guinea pigs

Thanks, Lord Justice Scrutton!

You made a strong tilt against "guinea pig directors" the other day. "Names to attract capital" and "paid passengers" were some of the phrases you used in your findings on the Combined Pulp and Paper Mills case.

Yes, the City needs a stiff broom, and among those who must be swept away are the titled ornaments who are so often misled by their fellow directors.

Tale of a tub

Now there is the fasting girl in a tub at Blackpool. She has been presented with a cheque for £200 because she sat in a tub on the promenade for nine days without food.

The proprietor has been fined £1 for "setting up a structure without permission."

What a pity these degrading exhibitions can't be prohibited entirely!

Making us squirm

All honour to the dentists of Britain.

The men who make us squirm in their chairs are setting out to stop a piece of organised, monstrous and useless cruelty.

The idea is to drill dogs' teeth, take out the nerves, let the pain, abscesses and consequent semi-starvation go on until the dog dies or has to be killed.

And, after they have suffered intolerable agony, some cold-blooded being is going to get a prize of £200 and a gold medal.

Our little bit

This is the proposal of the International Dental Federation. To the everlasting credit of the British Dental Association, that body is sending five members to Zurich to oppose it.

We hope they win. Meanwhile, let us pat the old dog's head. When our dentists come back, we might even offer them a tooth (one of our own) for having fought this revolting suggestion.

A better bet

Five hundred poor London children have just enjoyed a day in the country because Mr. A. L. Bateman, Conservative M.P. for North Camberwell, won a bet by walking down Bond Street wearing a Duke's coronet.

Magnificent!

But there is something wrong if kids have to depend for a day's holiday on the off-chance of somebody behaving strangely.

Congratulations to Mr. Bateman, but here is another idea for him.

Let him challenge the owner of the coronet to walk through Camberwell in it. Then there'll be more holidays.

Duty—and death

Stricken with heart trouble, Thomas Nash staggered to his levers, switched train signals to danger—and then fell dead.

This is the latest example of Duty First. By his action, Nash averted any danger to a Blackpool excursion train.

The Albert Medal for bravery is often awarded posthumously. We suggest that this is a fitting occasion for its award.

Good for evil

This week's Good Samaritan is Mr. Arthur Revell, a Goole grocer.

Some time ago he dismissed his baker because he found discrepancies in his petty cash, but he re-engaged the man because he had a wife and six youngsters.

Then the police caught the man in the act of robbing his employer. The magistrates fined him—and Mr. Revell is giving the man yet another chance.

A B C of justice

Some magistrates seem incapable of simple arithmetic, or of learning the A B C of Justice.

A Maidstone man was summoned for owing £32 arrears of maintenance for his wife and child.

The collecting officer said the man had been unemployed for a long time, and was drawing only 2s. 6d. weekly relief. But the magistrates sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, to be suspended while he paid £1 a week off the arrears.

How on earth *can* he pay it?

Their worst enemy

The unemployed's worst enemies are men who abuse the "dole."

Arthur Benford, of Custom House, London, is one of them.

At one time he was receiving compensation for being "incapacitated," but got other work, continued to draw unemployment benefit—and got public relief as well!

He pleaded guilty to seventeen cases of fraud, and has gone to prison for nine months—not a whit more than he deserves.

The little more

John Mason, of Pickering, Yorkshire, deserves his twelve months.

This scoundrel advertised for travellers. Five jobless men were appointed and deposited securities varying from £50 to £20. Having got their money, Mason disappeared.

Surely this is the meanest type of fraud?

A bitter blow

The "quack miracle man" has had a setback.

A fortnight ago we exposed this self-ordained "cleric," Pastor Chilton, whose faith-healing campaign has been imposing on the credulous in Northumberland.

Now, we note, hundreds of his followers have decided to break away from his organisation, and trampled his badges underfoot.

Yes, they read JOHN BULL.

Safety first

The "danger of the roads" is serious. But it needn't be.

This is proved by the fact that London street accidents have already decreased following the appeal for greater care by all road users.

This year 273 persons were killed during April, May and June, compared with 345 during that period last year.

That's 273 too many, but the decrease shows that with a little more care by all concerned the bogy of the roads will be laid.

Mr. David Grenfell, M.P.

In a recent issue we criticised Mr. David Grenfell, M.P., for asking a question in the House of Commons on the importation of Scottish coal into Wales.

We suggested that the Scottish coal was gas coal, which Wales cannot produce. We now find that our criticism was not justified and we feel sure that Mr. Grenfell will forgive us.

A rich harvest

A Nottingham newsboy picked up a £100 note and four 10s. notes, and took them to the police-station.

They were claimed by a farmer, who gave the boy two half-crowns.

Sorry we don't know the name of the farmer. It would have been worth putting on record.

What's to become OF THE LEGION?

Ex-Service men at a Legion home—"It would be an ill day for our country if the spirit of the Legion died out"

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice,

President of the British Legion

WITH every passing year the comrades of the Great War grow fewer in number, and we of the British Legion have to face an increasingly difficult problem—the problem of the "burned out veterans"—those staunch, uncomplaining men of fifty and over who were in the prime of manhood when they first wore khaki.

When our armies came home again and when the late Lord Haig founded the Legion nobody could possibly have foreseen that now, nearly fourteen years after the Armistice was signed, we should be passing through the greatest economic crisis the world has ever known.

If it is hard for able-bodied men to find work; if the middle-aged man with every faculty still alert so often seeks it in vain, how well-nigh hopeless must be the situation of the ex-Service man prematurely aged in body and mind by his war experiences!

They are proud, these young-old men who fought in the war, and they do not willingly accept public assistance or private charity. They deserve something better of their country than casual alms or relief from the rates.

I am writing now, not of those disabled men who draw meagre State pensions, but of the elderly war-time soldier who is unfit for work and who has nothing whatever to fall back upon.

THESE are the men for whom the Prince of Wales, who has always taken the keenest and most practical interest in the affairs of the Legion, started his Pension Fund. These are the men who are finding, often when all else has failed them, that the fine spirit of the trenches, the cheerful readiness to share everything with a pal down to one's last fag, is still alive and burning with a bright flame among their comrades of the Legion.

I am not writing this as an appeal—the times are too difficult for anything of that sort just now. But I do want the public to appreciate that the British Legion is something more than a mere organisation of ex-Service men. It is a living, vital force of loyalty, comradeship and service. The nation would be the poorer in spirit without it.

Only the other week some twenty thousand legionaries, representing fifty-nine branches at the Essex County Rally, marched through Clacton with banners flying. Some of the branch detachments were many hundreds strong; others contained but a handful of men.

And in one case a village where unemployment is severe and the members have little money could only send three men to represent the branch.

They marched in civilian clothes side by side—a general, a colonel and a private soldier, comrades of the British Legion.

FROM Land's End to John o' Groat's you will find officers and men meeting at their local branches in the same spirit of equal comradeship, always ready to help one another, always eager to welcome any ex-Service man who arrives as a stranger in their midst.

I doubt whether the general public, though it buys its poppies cheerfully enough on Poppy Day, has ever fully realised the vast amount of quiet, unostentatious service going on throughout the whole Legion.

Innumerable instances could be quoted. Here is one. In a rural area a little time ago an ex-Service man, one of those "burned out veterans" to whom I first alluded, died prematurely, leaving behind him a widow and three children.

He had managed to wrest a meagre living for himself and his family from one laboriously worked piece of land, and he left behind him nothing but this small property.

The dead man's Legion comrades were in poor circumstances themselves. Some were out of work and none had any money to spare. But they rallied round in their spare time and worked the small holding for their pal's widow. I believe they are doing so still.

As President of the Legion I am proud of the ex-soldiers and sailors who are carrying on now just as bravely and cheerfully on the home front as they did in action. When they are down on their luck they don't make a song about it. They do any work they can, from odd jobs to selling matches, rather than go to the Public Assistance Committees.

And when they are in work they do not forget their pals.

Many and many a poor fellow who was in dire need has had his rent paid for him by other branch members who have taken it in turns to meet the cost. Many an urgent difficulty has been met and overcome by a generous whip-round among men with little enough to spare for themselves.

Officially, of course, the Legion has been able to render assistance in many thousands of cases, but the Prince of Wales' British Legion Pension Fund, of which I am a trustee, was started because the Prince realised that a permanent pension paid out once a week is often far more valuable than any temporary financial assistance.

THE Prince gave us a magnificent start through the sale of the British Legion Book which was actually run from St. James's Palace. That gave us a capital sum to begin with, which was supplemented by a contribution from the United Services' Fund. And at our annual conference we have since voted an annual grant not to exceed £20,000 to the fund.

Our ambitions are modest enough, God knows. We want to be able to give ten shillings a week to men of fifty and over, who, by reason of their war service, are unable to obtain work. Then they may at least be able to carry on without actual privation until they qualify for the old-age pension.

We are now working towards 1,500 pensions, and we could well deal with 5,000 if funds permitted. No man of the Legion can obtain such a pension unless he is in real need; I like to think that no man would apply for one.

At Chelsea Hospital, which supplies a corresponding need for veterans of the regular Army, there are about 550 pensioners. But the regular Army is only some 200,000 strong. Is it, then, surprising that there may be some 5,000 men in need of pension out of a war-time army of five millions?

The Pension Fund is only one of the Legion's many activities. During the past four years our Employment Department has found work, temporary or permanent, for more than 40,000 men.

Attached to the Poppy Factory at Richmond we maintain large blocks of flats for disabled men who work in that factory, and at Preston Hall there is a whole village which has been built for tubercular ex-Service men.

And then there is, of course, the Lord Haig Memorial Fund which is providing homes for ex-Service men all over the country. That fund has already reached about £260,000, and Lord Lee, its chairman, is hoping for at least half a million.

I REPEAT that I am not writing this article as an appeal. I am writing it because the British Legion is something far bigger than a friendly society or a benevolent institution. It is a great national movement of comradeship, loyalty, and service, perhaps the one permanently fine and ennobling legacy of war.

Year by year the ranks of the war veterans are thinned out. In forty years' time there will be scarcely any legionaries left who actually saw service.

But I am profoundly convinced that the British Legion will live on with the sons of the veterans in its ranks and with tens of thousands of other men who have worn the King's uniform joining up to replace those who fall out.

Like all men who have known war, I pray ardently for peace. Yet it would be an ill day for our country if the spirit of the Legion faded out and the remembrance of sacrifice died away.

1918-1932: What has Youth Done?

FOURTEEN years have passed since the Great War ended and Youth was told that its great chance had come to rebuild the world and make it a little better place to live in.

What has Youth accomplished in that fourteen years?

Has it made use of its great opportunities? Or has it, as so many of its elders would have us believe, failed to live up to expectations?

The question is one of real importance, for on the answer depends much of Britain's future prestige.

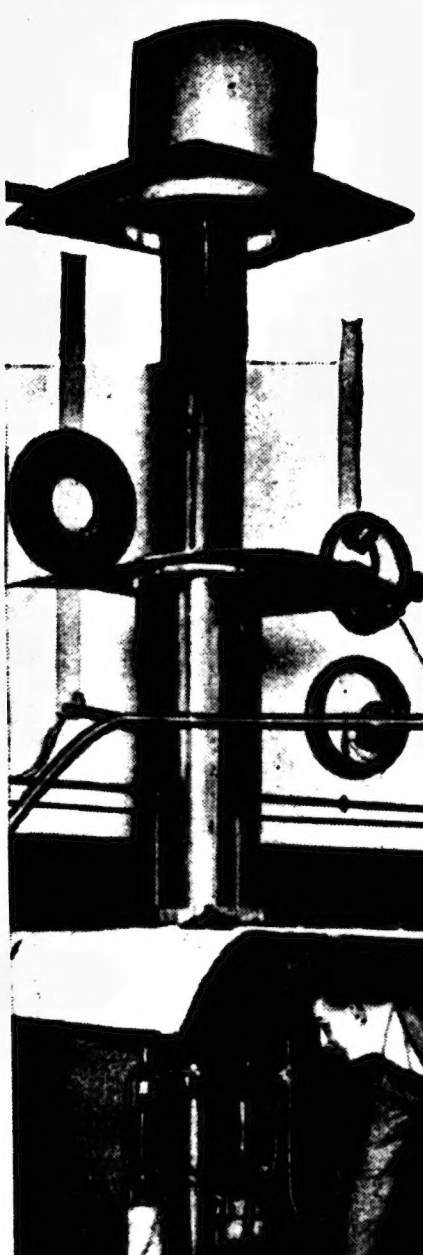
So when it comes to a stocktaking of Youth, what are the facts? Who are to be the Great Men and Great Women of the next generation, and what have they done already?

* * *

If the foreign Governments of the world could have their choice of any Englishman, irrespective of age, it is almost certain that their unanimous choice would fall on a man of thirty-three years of age.

His name is Mr. R. J. Mitchell, and there is not an aeroplane expert in the world who would not agree that he is the greatest aeroplane designer of our day. You will remember that when Britain first brought the Schneider Trophy to England, "Mitch," as they call him at Southampton, designed the winning machines.

When world challenges poured in and threatened to take the trophy from us again, it was to him they turned for something faster still. And he gave it. That is why we beat the world again in last year's Schneider Trophy race—probably the last that will ever be held.



The Man who Split the Atom. — Dr. Cockcroft at his laboratory at Cambridge, where he and Dr. Walton carried out their great experiment

His Great Hour

At twenty-one he was chief designer and engineer to the Supermarine Aviation Co. At twenty-five he had designed the famous Southampton Flying Boats which have enhanced the reputation of British aircraft on the seven seas of the world.

His great hour came when, at the end of the Schneider Trophy success of last year, a machine of his design reached the colossal speed of 407.5 miles an hour and made foreign designers decide that any record they might win in future would only be a record while Mitchell of Southampton was preparing for the next attempt.

Britain knows all too little about "Mitch." He is so modest. When the Schneider Trophy races are in progress he stands aloof on the quay at Calshot, an unobtrusive figure who might be a local civilian who has gate-crashed into the aerodrome.

While others are talking he is watching and thinking — watching his machines streaking through the air at hitherto unheard-of speeds, thinking of little points that will yield him a few more miles an hour for the next race.

And now that Britain holds all the air speed records he has hidden himself in a shed on the Solent, building the world's biggest seaplane, bigger than Germany's Dornier Do-X, and which should prove to be the first craft to maintain a regular trans-Atlantic flying service.

* * *

One brilliant man does not make a generation. Well — there are others.

There is John Douglas Cockcroft, the young Lancastrian who split the atom recently. The greatest German scientists said that if ever it were done at all it would be done by an expenditure of 100,000,000 volts. Cockcroft did it with 100,000.

His success has opened up new fields of exploration in science, and may yield discoveries compared with which those of Edison and Marconi will look small. Yet so retiring and shy in making friends is this brilliant young research chemist that his old school friends could not remember him when the newspapers blazed out his name.

His age is thirty-four. And lest you should think that there is some distinguished greybeard in the background to help him you may like to know that his colleague, Dr. Walton, is only thirty.

* * *

Then there is Professor Appleton, the greatest scientist in radio to-day, who was just under thirty-five when he discovered, recently, what wireless authorities call "a new roof to the world."

Until then it had been believed that wireless waves could not penetrate the Heaviside layer, which surrounded the earth seventy miles over its crust. He found that they could be sent to a layer 130 miles up, and that the waves he sent over the Heaviside layer were far more efficient.

The Radio Magician

Short wave wireless—in other words, cheaper and better wireless—was the immediate result of his discovery.

So that there should be no doubt about it, this modern wizard started to bounce a wireless wave in the middle of the City of London. After its first journey to the newly discovered roof of the world, it bounced down in the Whitechapel Road. After the next bounce it touched Petticoat Lane. Then up it went again to descend on the dome of St. Paul's.

More than 1,000 miles had been covered by it before it had bounced three miles from its starting-point. And the experts who watched the demonstration were not only convinced—they were staggered.

To solve a mystery of the Antarctic—H. G. Watkins photographed during his last expedition to Greenland

* * *

Little more than thirty-five is Dr. James Chadwick, discoverer of the neutron.

What he found was actually the most elusive of all rays. Its particles are the fastest and most penetrating ever known. In fact, it cannot be detected at all until it strikes the inner core of an atom.

It is all so difficult that it cannot be described at all in simple language—except to say that it is slowly opening up the secret of mysterious cosmic rays from the outer world that have baffled us for many years.

Dr. Chadwick knows what it is to endure set-back with a smile and a resolve to try again. He was a very young man when, carrying out researches in a German prison camp, he made a discovery that he thought was of supreme importance. Then the war ended, and news began to travel from country to country again, and he found that his discovery had been anticipated by a few weeks elsewhere.

Into the Unknown

No mention of brilliant young scientists is complete without the names of Professor Hogben, our foremost authority on eugenics; Professor Milne, the brilliant expert on solar physics, and Dr. Robson, a leading thinker and investigator of the psychology of sex.

The average age of this famous trio is under thirty-five.

* * *

Then what of Adventure? Who are the young men to carry on the work of Shackleton and Scott and so many before them who won for their race the reputation of being the most adventurous in the world?

Well, H. G. Watkins is only twenty-five, yet he led the British air expedition to Greenland in 1930-31, and is at present in Greenland planning new discoveries.

He aims at an expedition to the Antarctic that will settle whether the Ross Sea meets the Weddell Sea, thus dividing the Antarctic up into two huge continents.

His will be no blind, useless effort to reach a particular spot. He will leave

YOUTH DONE?—The Answer

"The greatest aeroplane designer of our day"—R. J. Mitchell and his winning Schneider Trophy 'plane

his mark on the world's geography books.

* * *

Then there is Mr. F. S. Smythe, leader of the British Himalayan expedition that conquered Kunchinjunga, the highest peak yet attained. A slight young man of thirty-two, he reached the top of the world—25,447 feet—and then said he did it for the fun of the thing.

Hidden Talent

There are many brilliant young men in finance and commerce—but one must be careful. One can mention so few names. The City insists on their being kept from sight in a sort of chrysalis until they are about forty, believing it to be an impertinence for them to emerge before that age. But they are there, hidden away and often doing the work while their elders get the credit.

Some have built up big businesses, as, for example, Mr. E. K. Cole, builder of the fortunes of Ekco Radio while in his late twenties and early thirties.

* * *

In Education, too.

One of the best-known public school headmasters in the country is Mr. M. L. Jacks, although only just turned thirty-five. He was headmaster of Mill Hill as long ago as 1922. He has views of his own and does not hesitate to express them forcibly—for instance, he thinks the sergeant-majoring of schoolboys so much nonsense.

His younger brother, Mr. H. B. Jacks, is already headmaster of Willaston School, Nantwich.

* * *

In the world of the theatre Youth has certainly found its worth. Noel Coward, who is thirty-two years of age, has for some years been England's most-talked-of dramatist. Already he has earned several fortunes out of the plays he has written.

To-morrow's Irving

We have great young actors, too.

Ten years ago, when really a youth, John Gielgud was walking on at the Old Vic. He is consistently brilliant in Shakespeare, Shaw, Molière, Tchekov, and Ibsen.

In forty years' time people will be boasting that they had seen him.

* * *

Now consider Elisabeth Scott, designer of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. She beat all comers in open competition to build a new theatre on the site of the old one which was destroyed by fire. Bernard Shaw said of her work that it was "the only plan to show any theatre sense."

Fair-haired and bobbed, she is little more than thirty.

* * *

And Music. Strange to realise that Dr. Malcolm Sargent, of world-wide repute, is little more than thirty-five, and had attained world-wide repute at thirty. He will be the Sir Henry Wood of the next generation.

He has lived to conduct London's leading concerts for ten years, to conduct at the Albert Hall with a borrowed baton and wearing an ordinary jacket because his bag had been stolen; and to refuse an offer of £7,000 a year for three ten-minute sessions a day at a Linema

* * *

And there is William Walton, the boy music genius. He is probably the most gifted composer of music under the age of thirty in the world.

He was composing at twelve—which makes it a little less remarkable that he should attract world notice with such a brilliant work as "Belshazzar's Feast" before he was twenty-nine. England knows rather less about him than other countries, probably because he is English. Yet one day we are going to count him among the great masters.

* * *

There are great chances in Literature, but Youth does not seem to be taking them in this field. We can point to no young novelist or poet to-day who is truly great. There are plenty with talent, but none of supreme genius.

A Good Start

Of course we find many famous young people in sport. But that has always been the case. For physical contests, field games and athletics are Youth's own province.

* * *

There are many whom we call brilliant already, and many more whose brilliance is just dawning. Many more, perhaps, who are unknown at present, but whom we shall decorate with laurels when they know no more than they know to-day.

They have won through or are winning through at a time when it is harder for young people to establish themselves than ever it was, and harder to hold one's position in the face of bitter competition.

One day the nation, its Arts and Literature, Science and Medicine, will be in their hands. Will they do the work better, or not so well as their predecessors?

Only the future can tell. But we can say this—that post-war Youth has made a very good start.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A Missed Opportunity

THE following is a piece of real life: Two men, whom we will call Sam and Ted, are distantly related to each other, and—what is not often true of relatives—are intimate friends.

Sam developed ugly symptoms of blood-poisoning, and as he happened to be at Ted's house, the latter advised immediate examination by a specialist.

Sam was rushed to a nursing-home, where he lay between life and death for five weeks, and the medical report was that if he recovered he might have to spend the rest of his life in a state to which death was preferable.

During all this anxious period his grief-stricken family were in a quandary to know what to do for the best. Daily they expected that Ted would come to enquire about his friend and give them needed sympathy and guidance; but they waited in vain—no message came, and no Ted.

Thinking he must also be ill, Sam's eldest daughter at length made a journey to ascertain the cause of the strange silence. There was no cause, except that Ted was so full of his own concerns that he had neglected to inform himself about Sam or take the trouble to be of some comfort to Sam's dear ones in their extremity.

When the daughter gently asked him why he had been so remiss, he gave way to irritation and stumped about the room exclaiming: "Why should I be the one to appeal to in this emergency? Have you no other friends? And how could I know that Sam was in such a serious condition?"

Presently, as the sorrowful girl stood patiently regarding him without saying anything, he began to realise that he was cutting rather a poor figure, and he had the grace to express regret. But his regret did not erase the painful impression his behaviour had made. He had lost the first opportunity he had had of showing himself a friend in need to a group of people he loved.

Ted is not a bad fellow. On this occasion he was just thoughtless and selfish as most of us are at times.

There are more ways than one of missing an opportunity. The phrase is usually employed of failing to see or act upon something that is to our own advantage; but the omission is more deplorable when it is a moral one and means that we have let go the opportunity of strengthening a fellow-soul

Every day the opportunity presents itself in one form or another to be a good comrade, a cheering influence, a factor on the side of what is sound and wholesome in human relations. Are we always equal to it?

Someone comes to us perhaps in a depressed or weary state of mind. Perhaps his intention is to tell us something about it, but he catches us in the wrong mood—flippant, peevish, or cold and distant—and he withholds his confidence.

Or perhaps he has no thought of burdening us with his worries, but simply comes in the wistful hope of being cheered up, and we send him away more downhearted than ever.

* * *

A wise and kindly word, spoken in the nick of time, has saved many an overwrought human being from a desperate course; and there are none of us so self-sufficient that we can dispense with human companionship. We all need bracing now and then.

If the chance is given you to-day of causing a smile to appear on a tired face, or imparting new energy to a flagging will, don't let it slip. You may never have it again.

A Pleasant Surprise

There is always a pleasant surprise awaiting new readers of JOHN BULL. They *know* JOHN BULL is a fine paper, but until they register and take it regularly they cannot appreciate it fully.

The point is well illustrated in a letter just received from a Sunderland reader who received a cheque when his son met with an accident.

He writes: "I now realise that apart from your free insurance (which is second to none) JOHN BULL is a paper with a punch The articles are of real educational value. The insurance is a safeguard against the dangers that lurk everywhere."

I'll Tell Them Your Dark Secret

HANNEN SWAFFER'S Open Letter to JACK HYLTON

MY DEAR JACK,—

I want to be very frank with you. It is time someone told you the truth. I can, because I like you so much.

It is up to you to raise the standard of British music. You can do it.

All these composer-knights have failed. Covent Garden is merely a fiasco. Albert Hall concerts, now that Lionel Powell has gone on, look in vain for someone with both knowledge and guts.

Music in England depends either on charity or the B.B.C., which is worse. And I am afraid, in England, nowadays, with all these cocktail parties, that charity covers a multitude of gins.

* * *

The British public know the Jack Hylton of the Palladium and the Holborn Empire, the Jack Hylton of "Auf Wiedersehen" and "Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long," and the Jack Hylton of the gramophone records and the dance halls.

But they do not know the Jack Hylton whom the French Government made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the Jack Hylton for whom the King of the Belgians sends, the Jack Hylton upon whom German burgomasters call, officially, to bow.

People in England often wonder, Jack, why you got the Legion of Honour.

They have not yet discovered your terrible secret. I am now disclosing it!

The moment you go abroad, you become a different man.

In England, you behave, on the stage, often like a clown.

"That's what they want," you say. So your boys dress up and act the fool.

But abroad, you are the new Jack Hylton, the one whom London knows nothing about, the one whom Manchester has never heard, the one whom Bolton, your birthplace, has never seen.

Why, in Paris—I know you will be ashamed when you read this and you realise that hundreds of thousands who know you have read it, too—you play Stravinsky, yes, and a piece of music that the great Russian composer of "The Fire Bird," "Petroushka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" wrote specially for you to play!

Modernist though he is, he sat in the front row and heard you play it—yes and it was in the Paris Opera House, which you rented yourself, to play to the elect.

Then they gave you the Legion of Honour. In England, highbrows wondered why you had got it. That was your secret.

You came home, threw it in a box with some football medals, and went back to jazz.

I know the certificate is still framed in your office, but underneath it is a gramophone with your dance records, and a doll that Maurice Chevalier gave you.

Honours are all the same to you. You think you are a Maurice Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. You wouldn't know.

Now, Jack, do something for English music. We are all tired of these Royal Academies of Music, and Guildhall Schools of Music, and knights, and Society dames.

If, abroad, you can play Wagner, and Debussy, and Chopin, and Tchaikovsky, in whose "1812," they say, your drums make more noise than even Mackenzie Rogan's fireworks used to do at the Crystal Palace, why cannot you do it in England?

Don't be ashamed, Jack. Let the public know that you are a great conductor of a higher class than they think. If you went on tour with a classical concert, Tommy Beecham wouldn't be in it.

Don't be afraid of the Society snobs who ignore you because you were not born in America, the snobs who grovel at the feet of every film star from Hollywood, hoping to climb in on the publicity.

"Oh, he plays at the Palladium," they say of you.

Never mind your accent, Jack. It's English anyway, and it's the accent of a great county.

Never mind your short squatness, Napoleon was a little man.

Never mind the scar on your cheek. You have got so much cheek that people don't notice it.

And never mind those band boys of yours. They all love you, anyway, and if you told them, even the trap drummer would take off his funny hat, the one he wears at the Palladium, pick up his Debussy score and follow you, even through a Beethoven sonata.

Take the Albert Hall, Jack, and show us what you can do! Don't hide it all away in France and Germany.

Don't be so frightened! Beethoven won't object. Perhaps Chopin won't care. And perhaps Tchaikovsky won't know.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—The Post Office must think again. And then change its mind.

It proposes to equip telegraph boys with motor-cycles instead of push-bicycles, so as to save a few minutes in the delivery of telegrams.

There are too many irresponsible youths with motor-cycles already, and too many motor-cycling accidents.

In short, the proposal is not only expensive and stupid, but dangerous.

JOHN BULL.

LORD TRENCHARD,
New Scotland Yard, London

MY LORD,—Some of our temperance advocates would have us believe that we are still far from being a sober nation.

They ought to read your report on last year's work of the Metropolitan police.

The decrease in drunkenness, you point out, was greater than in any other year—in fact, there is little more than half the drunkenness there was ten years ago.

It will continue to fall—unless we fall for Prohibition. And, thank heaven, we shan't.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. G. TRAPNELL, K.C.,
Recorder of Plymouth

DEAR SIR,—We could do with more men like you on the Bench.

You have promised never to waste time in making observations to a grand jury, for you realise that jurymen have other things to do than listen to unnecessary remarks from the judge.

I wish other judges would follow your example. Too many seem to think that their office gives them a right to air their views on any and every subject—and very fatuous they sometimes are!

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP of GUILDFORD: So you "touched 85 miles an hour on the way," you told Epsom College when arriving late by car. Fortunately the way was clear, otherwise your lordship might have touched something far worse.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. LUCY,
Plaistow, London

DEAR SIR,—You had to retreat when attempting to rescue an invalid neighbour from a room over a blazing shop.

But you were not beaten. Despite the intense heat, you climbed on the shoulders of two other men and managed to pull the helpless neighbour through the window.

Your grit and resource saved his life. Well done!

JOHN BULL.

LORD ARNOLD,
Hampstead, London, N.W.

MY LORD,—Only one of our last six Premiers, two of our last six Chancellors, and two of our last seven Lord Chancellors were public-school boys, you told Manchester Grammar School.

Which proves—as I've often said—that no class has a monopoly of brains.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. STOCKDALE,
Southwick, Sunderland

DEAR SIR,—You and your wife claim to be "Britain's oldest sweethearts," for next month you will have been married sixty-eight years.

Whether your claim is justified or not, yours is a fine record of companionship.

Though you are in the evening of your years, I trust your lives of quiet content in each other's company will long continue.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT HEAPS,
Congleton, Cheshire

DEAR ALBERT,—While suffering from diphtheria you twice ran away from the isolation hospital, thus exposing people you met to an infection which might have terrible consequences.

Yet you are a miner, and your life should have taught you to show care not only for yourself but for others.

You were lucky to be fined only 40s. for your selfish stupidity.

JOHN BULL.

Miss GRETA GARBO,
Hollywood, U.S.A.

DEAR GARBO,—While on a visit to New York you determined to avoid the reporters and be your own shy self. After a hundred miles' chase into the country and back again, you gave them the slip.

That meant more columns of publicity. The more you try to hide, it seems, the more publicity you get.

So simple, is it not, my dear Greta?

JOHN BULL.

THE CITY CORPORATION,
Salford

GENTLEMEN,—You have kindly ordered certain streets to be closed to all traffic at fixed hours so that they should afford playgrounds for children.

I look forward to the day when all kiddies will be able to romp in a garden or local park.

But you have made a virtue of necessity under present conditions, and your example might well be followed in other congested areas.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. H. SOMERSET: Your yacht might have won international race if your nearest rival, an American yacht, had not caught fire. In putting back and saving ten men you threw away your chance—but won for Britain something better than a cup.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. W. BEDFORD,
Mickleham, Surrey

REVEREND SIR,—You did well in warning young clergymen of the dangers of blackmail.

A friend of yours had a narrow escape when a woman, on the excuse of asking him to baptise her dying child, tried to inveigle him into a blackmailer's house.

Members of your calling are particularly apt to be victimised. The best advice that can be given to them and the public generally is to go straight to the police whatever happens.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. P. CHARLES,
Swansea Bankruptcy Court

DEAR REGISTRAR,—So men are actually being forced into bankruptcy through an ancient—and stupid—law.

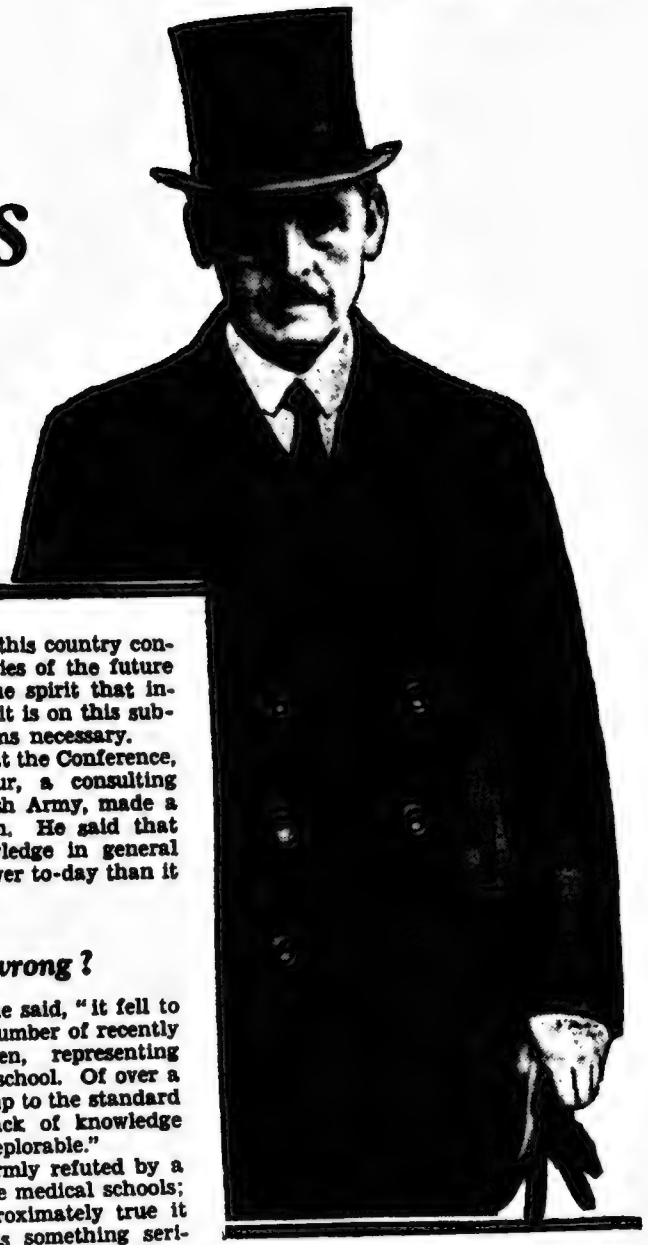
In a case you have just heard, a man became bankrupt because he had to pay the damages and costs awarded against him for the slanders uttered by his wife.

I have repeatedly drawn attention to the anomaly that a man should be held responsible for the misdeeds of his wife. When, in this matter, will the Law show common-sense?

JOHN BULL.

by A. G. GARDINER

Some Home-Truths for Doctors



He has a remedy for the fat-bodied, fat-headed, blueish and breathless—Lord Dawson of Penn

THIS is the centenary year, not only of the Great Reform Bill, but of the British Medical Association, and last week 4,000 medical men celebrated the event in London with a vast spate of talk, wise and otherwise.

If it is the unwise talk that seems to me to call for comment, it is not because I share Mr. Bernard Shaw's animus against the doctors. That animus is not merely unjust, but silly.

Doctors are human like the rest of us. They include good, bad and indifferent. No doubt many people who ought to be alive to-day are dead because of incompetent doctors; but infinitely more are alive because of competent doctors.

I am one of them, and I have no disposition to disown the obligation I am under to a great profession.

We have only to realise the revolution that has taken place in human life within the last half-century to appreciate the magnitude of our debt. If I had been born in 1854 my expectation of life would have been thirty-nine years. The child born to-day has an expectation of life of nearly sixty years. That is to say, we have in a period covered by one longish life added twenty years to the average life of the community.

Vanished terrors

This is the most tremendous social fact of our time.

And it is not merely that we live on the average twenty years longer than our grandfathers did. We live more healthily and more enjoyably. We are physically fitter at sixty than our forefathers were at forty, and old age is robbed of half the terrors it used to have.

I do not suggest that all this is due to the doctors. Universal education has done much to teach us to live more sensibly. It has taught us to drink less and play more. It has established higher standards of personal cleanliness and personal conduct.

The conditions of life are more hygienic than they were, and public sanitation has helped to wipe out many of the scourges that used to sweep the country. The Black Death, the bubonic plagues, cholera, smallpox and typhoid, which killed their thousands and hundreds of thousands, are things of the past.

But though cleaner habits have done much, the astonishing achievements of medical science have done no less to lengthen our days, and in lengthening them to make them freer from pain and suffering of all sorts. We have penetrated to the ultimate fastnesses of disease, and attacked the causes in their hitherto unknown and microscopic beginnings.

One fell enemy after another has fallen before the attack.

The victory over dysentery is like a tale of magic. In the Boer War half our casualties were due to dysentery. In the Great War dysentery was banished. In the brief interval the terror had been routed as completely as the cholera and the smallpox of earlier times.

So with tuberculosis, with diphtheria and other dread scourges. Cancer is almost the last of the major evils of mankind that still keeps its dark secret from us.

And the end is not yet. It may be impertinent for a layman to disagree with so eminent a surgeon as Lord Moynihan, who says that surgery has now so completely explored all the organs of the body that no advance in that science can be looked for.

Charlatan's paradise

But I do not believe there is any finality in any science, and I can imagine that when in 2032 the second centenary of the B.M.A. is celebrated there will be surgeons there who will be astonished that Lord Moynihan thought that everything had been found out in 1932.

But whatever the facts may be about surgery, there is no question that the field of medical research is still largely unexplored, especially in that vague region where mind and matter act and react on each other. That region is the happy hunting ground of the charlatan, but though it may never be mapped out with absolutely scientific exactness, I cannot doubt that the greatest victories of medical research in the future lie in that direction.

The extent to which this country contributes to those victories of the future depends much upon the spirit that inspires the B.M.A., and it is on this subject that criticism seems necessary.

One of the speakers at the Conference, Col. W. P. MacArthur, a consulting physician in the British Army, made a most serious allegation. He said that the standard of knowledge in general medicine was much lower to-day than it was a generation ago.

What is wrong?

"Some years ago," he said, "it fell to my lot to examine a number of recently qualified medical men, representing many of the teaching school. Of over a dozen, only two came up to the standard of my time. The lack of knowledge shown by some was deplorable."

The attack was warmly refuted by a professor of one of the medical schools; but if it is only approximately true it suggests that there is something seriously wrong, not only with the educational efficiency of the schools, but with the standards set up by the B.M.A.

That institution suffers, like all privileged corporations, from a certain timidity and conservatism. It tends to shirk great social issues that directly relate to the work of the medical profession, as in the case of abortion, which has been so challengingly raised by Mr. Justice McCardie.

And its concern for its own exclusive interests has led it not infrequently into narrow and anti-social channels. That is so in the matter of manipulative surgery. Much was said at the Conference on the subject of osteopathy, and no doubt there are evils associated with the practice of that art.

But no one to-day questions its potentialities, and few can doubt that the cold shoulder which the official medical profession has turned to the craft has been a public misfortune.

Instead of saying "Here is a great thing. Let us incorporate it in the armoury of the profession and free it from any element of quackery," the disposition has been to discredit it and treat it as a sort of pariah dog, for which any brickbat was good enough.

With what result? The public verdict has gone against the profession, and no more severe criticism of the policy of the B.M.A. could be conceived than that which Dr. Mennell, of St. Thomas's Hospital, uttered at the Conference. "The immense reputation gained by unqualified practitioners for their power to cure a variety of ailments by manipulation," he said, "*is largely attributable to errors in diagnosis by members of our own profession.*"

Let the B.M.A. reflect on this grave indictment in all its bearings. And, finally, let it dissociate itself from the singular proposal with which Lord Dawson of Penn disfigured his admirable presidential address.

He wants us to set up health hostels for "the man of forty, getting a fat body and a fat head . . . clogged with his own metabolic products . . . who is blueish and breathless and losing his rib movements."

And he wants to put these health hostels on the public funds as a part of our sickness insurance system!

Was there ever such grotesque wastrelism? If there is one class of the community more than another which can be left to "dree its own weird," it is the self-indulgent people who at forty have fat bodies and fat heads.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Laurel and Hardy try to enjoy their—

Sumbrella Holiday

I'M over here on holiday,
On holiday from Hollywood;
Each day should be a jolly day
And life itself seem jolly good!
But this, alas! is not the case;
Glee lags a bit and joy is tardy—
Just ask my partner! By his face
You'll know he's Laurel—I am Hardy!

I'd like to be a happy cove,
Continuously blithe and merry;
Instead I feel a snappy cove,
Depressed and melancholy—very!
Your so-called climate is to blame,
And with it I am ripe to quarrel;
My partner, too, feels much the same—
He's Hardy. I, alas! am Laurel!

Since we are inseparable on the film, you will not be surprised that we should be equally inseparable on the mike.

Although one of us is fat and the other thin, one reputed gay and the other dismal, on this matter of your English summer we are two souls with but a single thought—and what we think is scarcely fit for publication!

We have come here on a holiday from California, where the sun shines as fiercely as the limelight, and the song of the oof bird sounds sweet to listening ears, and what have we struck? I ask you!

Before leaving we consulted seers, soothsayers, prophets and prognosticators and all agreed that the English summer this year would be held between July 24 and 28. So we laid in a stock of white ducks, bought sun helmets, cabled to make dead sure there'd be a supply of ice on hand when we arrived, and hurried across the Atlantic.

And what have we come up against? Believe me, bo', the Atlantic seems like a parched desert compared with lil ole London! Under Prohibition, Noo Yark may be the world's wettest city some ways, but London seems to us the wettest always.

Water's right enough for putting under bridges but when employed for putting it across a couple of innocent comedians in search of a summer holiday it's beyond a joke—even the sort of joke we sometimes get away with!

Ever since we arrived people have been asking us our impression of England, but we've only formed a kinder general depression. All we can say is that as an aquarium merry England takes a whole heap of beating; but it doesn't seem to us a land fit for pierrots to live in.

As a matter of fact, we feel more at ease in answering that other question the Press boys are always asking us—namely, what is the world's best joke?

At the slapstick we ourselves have sometimes grinned;
And the light of laughter kindles in each eye
At the spectacle, so pleasant,
Of a victim made a present
Of an unexpected, well-aimed custard-pie!

There's a humour that is subtle and refined
In the sight of someone sitting on his hat,
And our mirth becomes side-splitting
If the bloke who does the sitting
Is a dignitary, broad of beam and fat!

But funnier by far than all these jokes—
We haven't finished laughing at it yet—
Is your English summer climate!
It's a scream which me and my mate,
Though we *may* forgive it, never can forget!

A BAD FAT MAN

A big, bad, fat man—just like this one—is James Bentley Allan. And he has as much roguery in his mind as he has flesh on his bones

"LET me have men about me that are fat; sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

To-day Scotland Yard is echoing the words which Shakespeare made Cæsar speak.

All its resources are being taxed by a master criminal named James Bentley Allan, the champion heavy-weight crook, who, though he weighs eighteen stone, is the most elusive swindler at large to-day.

No efforts have been spared in endeavouring to track him down, and there have been days when an intensive search has been carried on by a score of our most skilful detectives.

The secret of this rogue's immunity is all the more difficult to guess because he is a man who, theoretically, should find it extremely difficult to elude detection.

Once seen he could scarcely be forgotten, because of his bulk. He should be as conspicuous as Carnera, and, indeed, makes no attempt to hide from the public gaze. The success of his coups depends largely upon attracting attention to himself.

Where he baffles his pursuers is in his versatility. He never does the same thing twice. As soon as one swindle is concluded he decamps to some distant town and launches another so different in character that no one could suspect it of being engineered by the same man.

When we say that he has often made as much as £2,000 a day, the magnitude of his frauds will be appreciated.

Novelist pose

He arrived in Suffolk a few weeks ago and, heedless of the fact that he was being sought by the police all over the country, deliberately invited unlimited publicity.

Posing as Adrian Guest, novelist, he engaged a suite at a leading hotel, installed his own library, and settled down ostensibly to complete a new novel that was scheduled for publication in the autumn.

He confided that he had just crossed from Ireland, having closed his mansion there for the summer, because he found he could always work better away from his home surroundings.

It certainly seemed as if he was making rapid progress with his new book, for a woman secretary who had arrived with him was kept busy at her typewriter in the "work room" of his suite for long hours at a stretch.

The supposed novelist exuded an atmosphere of great prosperity. He had arrived in a powerful and expensive American motor-car and kept changing banknotes of high denomination.

So much money was spent by him during the first few days of his stay that he soon became regarded as the "star" guest at the hotel, and any requests he made were promptly complied with.

When he ordered goods locally—which he did on a lavish scale—no demur was made about sending them on approval or credit terms. The general understanding was that he would remain in the vicinity until his work was completed.

There was widespread consternation, therefore, when the distinguished Mr. Adrian Guest suddenly abandoned his magnificent suite and took to the road, leaving his hotel bill and numerous tradesmen's accounts unpaid.

Investors robbed

It can now be established that the wads of banknotes which he displayed so openly were part of the proceeds of a cruel swindle he had just perpetrated near Southampton.

He was not a wealthy author then. His pose was that of a big business man, and, as "Mr. James Bentley Allan," he formed a bogus limited liability company and pretended that he owned vast lands for forestry and farming purposes. In the brief space of a few weeks he obtained huge sums of money from investors, to whom he offered lucrative posts in England and abroad in projects that were supposed to be under his control.

So cleverly was his scheme devised that he did not trouble to advertise for investors, but got all the dupes he desired through reputable agencies which specialise in finding good positions for people with money.

They were completely deceived in him, for, apart from his own impressiveness, he furnished the highest credentials, which were only found to be false when his swindle was complete and he had fled the district.

It is estimated that he gained more than £10,000 in this particular enterprise, and on the morning of his flight he took with him thousands of pounds in banknotes which he had specially drawn from his bank on the previous day.

The reason why he has remained immune and been able to perpetrate his fresh frauds as Adrian Guest is that he took especial pains to cover up his tracks.

He left behind him innumerable false clues to suggest that he had gone abroad, even going to the extent of visiting various shipping offices in London to make very ostentatious enquiries about fares and routes and sailings to distant parts of the world.

By the time these false trails had been followed up and exploded he had completed his Suffolk masquerade and was on the road once more!

Just as "Mr. James Bentley Allan" died to give birth to "Mr. Adrian Guest," so Mr. Guest has now passed away and doubtless given place to some newly conceived character.

Dying in one name and coming to life in another is, we find, an old trick of this master crook who has been "wanted" by Scotland Yard detectives for more than three years.

He has always been a man of extravagant tastes with a penchant for entertaining his many women friends as if he were a millionaire.

His frauds are always spectacular and conceived on a magnificent scale which is certainly in keeping with one whose tastes run to the best champagne and cigars that money can buy.

One astonishing enterprise launched by him was a building society with offices in Tottenham Court Road, London, and elsewhere.

True to his usual practice, he selected a new alias for this venture, and with almost unbelievable ingenuity drew up a document under which he "sold" in a former alias certain non-existent properties to himself in his new alias!

Colossal bluff

It was upon the strength of this crafty but fraudulent contract that his building society was founded!

And what polished roguery he practised in this concern. He led his victims to believe that he was actually contracting huge buildings and establishing branches in all parts of the country. And he pretended to be so busy that he needed several private secretaries to enable him to cope with the rush!

All the time he was keeping up a colossal bluff, for the whole undertaking was a sham, and when he disappeared after a few months of breathless "organisation" work, he had pocketed between £15,000 and £18,000.

Most of this had been wrung from victims to whom he had posed as a great financier and who had been misled by spurious credentials and the misuse of the honoured names of titled people to whom he claimed relationship.

After a long enquiry a warrant was issued for his arrest on the grave charge of diverting funds to his own uses; his scheme went into bankruptcy, but, as in the present instance, he could not be found anywhere.

His ambition

Since then, in different names, he has cropped up for brief intervals in various disastrous undertakings that have nevertheless been profitable to him.

His schemes have included a huge Thames-side pleasure park; a chain of newspapers; touring theatrical companies; mammoth restaurants and houseboat syndicates.

His aliases are endless, but some of his principal ones include James Pitt, James Warwick, James Wyndham, James Raynor and James Maitland.

Were he to sustain his latest rôle as a writer and set down a true account of his own life, it would be one of the most sensational documents ever penned. But he aims at being the world's best swindler rather than a "best seller."

The Girl who Couldn't Get Back

THE path of young girls who are seeking employment is beset with difficulties enough, but officialdom, as represented by the Oldham Employment Exchange, does not tend to make it any easier.

Consider the unhappy experience of Edna Hastings, a seventeen-year-old girl, whose home is in Oldham but who was packed off by the Exchange to Blackpool to take up a supposedly definite position as a domestic servant.

Edna duly reported to her prospective employer, but, to her dismay, was informed that she could not be accepted as she was not provided with a uniform.

The Oldham Employment Exchange officials had told her nothing about this, nor had they given her a return ticket.

So this girl found herself stranded and unprovided for over fifty miles from her home.

With little experience of strange towns, she was at a loss to know what to do. The woman to whom she had been sent was equally disappointed by the officials' action and would not take upon herself the responsibility of advancing an unknown girl's return fare.

So Edna was left to wander about the streets of Blackpool in despair.

What might have become of her if her forlorn appearance had not attracted the sympathy of a stranger we leave officialdom to imagine.

Happily for Edna, a Mr. Walker, a kindly schoolmaster from Dumfries, who happened to be in Blackpool, was shrewd enough to guess that she was in real distress, and when she told him her story he agreed to help her.

As a first step he took her to the Blackpool Employment Exchange, but it was closed.

Then he approached the Blackpool Home for Girls, and arranged for Edna to be given a bed for the night in the event of the police being unable to arrange a railway warrant for her return home.

The police, as it happened, could do nothing. So Mr. Walker, realising that Edna would be no better off if she stayed at the home for girls, generously advanced money for the fare himself and saw Edna safely on to the train.

Her benefactor has since been gratefully thanked and reimbursed by her relatives; but they, in turn, have no redress from the Exchange officials.

We hope the lesson of this case will be learnt and that no more young girls will ever be sent away from home in such circumstances with no provision for their return in the event of the offer of employment being withdrawn.

Convicted Taxi-Driver Sensation

Convicted on the flimsiest of charges, his means of livelihood snatched away, Mr. Platts to-day faces ruin

NOWHERE is justice dispensed more admirably than in the police courts over which the stipendiary magistrates of London preside.

With due recognition of this, John Bull finds it necessary to make known the circumstances in which Mr. J. A. G. Platts, a taxi-cab driver of Gerridge Street, Southwark, has been convicted at West London Police Court.

We are confident that the great jury of our million and a half readers will agree, when they examine the facts for themselves, that Platts was wrongly convicted.

They will be astonished, too, when they learn the nature of the punishment inflicted upon him. It was far more terrible than the magistrate could possibly have foreseen or contemplated.

Puzzle of No. 2714

Stark and utter ruin has been the penalty.

The case begins with the arrival back at Waterloo Station, London, between 2 and 2.30 in the morning, of the special trains which carried spectators to the recent Military Tattoo at Aldershot.

From one of the trains stepped a Dane, who engaged a taxi-cab outside the station, and was driven to an address near Earl's Court.

There, while paying off the driver, he believed that he let fall a £1 note, which he thought dropped between the driving-seat and the running board of the cab.

He had no doubt a note did fall. But could he not have been mistaken? There could scarcely be corroboration of a supposed loss of the kind, and, without corroboration, it is astounding that anything more was ever heard about the matter.

As will be seen, however, much more was to be heard, with tragic consequences.

Failing to see the note lying about the cab, the Dane asked the driver to move the cab, so that he could search the ground.

While he was making the search—which proved fruitless—the taxi-cab drove away, carrying with it, he presumed, the £1 note.

The Dane made an effort to read the number of the taxi-cab before it disappeared in the darkness, and he memorised it as 2714.

In the later proceedings at the police-court he admitted that it was quite possible he had misread the number. And he could not identify the driver.

He reported the supposed loss of the note to the police, who made enquiries at Waterloo Station with a view to establishing if taxi-cab No. 2714 had been seen there at the time the special Tattoo trains were discharging their passengers.

A very smart railway policeman saw it.

He had specially noted the number because, unfortunately, he and the driver of the cab had fallen foul of each other.

The railway policeman, observing that cab No. 2714 already contained a passenger—a woman—but was still standing on the rank, had ordered the driver to move.

This the driver had stubbornly refused to do, for the simple reason that his passenger had a male escort who had returned to the station to recover a package from the cloakroom.

There had been wordy conflict between the taxi-cab driver and the railway policeman, with a threat of trouble ahead. That is why the railway policeman had taken the taxi-cab number.

And the driver of taxi No. 2714 was Mr. Platts.

At the subsequent police-court proceedings, when Platts was charged with the theft of the £1 note, the railway policeman pointed out the Dane as the man who had emerged from the station and entered Platts' taxi-cab to join the woman already there.

Although it was 2.30 a.m. and dark, and the outside of the station was all a-bustle with seventy or eighty taxi-cabs and hundreds of passengers from the special trains, the railway policeman was deadly definite.

No amount of cross-examination could shake his declaration that it was the Dane who was the "fare" of the driver with whom there had been friction.

The case for the prosecution depended, therefore, upon the alleged loss of a £1 note, the uncertain evidence about the number of a taxi-cab driven away in the dark, and the identification of the loser of the supposed note by a railway policeman, who, in the dark, saw him enter the taxi-cab of which he had taken the number because of a dispute with the driver.

The alibi

What was Platts' defence to this flimsy charge?

It was an alibi.

Platts' case was that his "fare" was not the Dane but an American woman and her escort, whom he drove not to Earl's Court, where the mysterious loss of a pound occurred, but to a well-known hotel in Kensington.

The head night porter of the hotel was called as a witness. He remembered, he said, two guests arriving back at the hotel in a taxi-cab from the Aldershot Tattoo. There was no doubt about the date and time, because he had booked their seats, and when they returned in the early morning he had a long conversation with them.

Could he identify the driver of the taxi-cab which brought them back?

No. It was difficult to do so, because the driver's seat was under the cab canopy and it was dark.

But he could remember a brief conversation with the driver.

It tallied with a conversation which Platts said he had with the head porter. More convincing still. As soon as he was charged with the theft of the £1 note Platts had come to the hotel, given full descriptions of the man and woman who had travelled in his cab, and asked to see them.

The descriptions he supplied were unquestionably those of a Mr. and Mrs. Knifer, of Connecticut, U.S.A., who had been staying at the hotel.

Further, Mr. and Mrs. Knifer were the people for whom the head porter had booked seats at the Tattoo and who had come back in a taxi-cab from the station at 2.30 a.m.

His livelihood gone

Unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Knifer were not available as witnesses. The hotel register showed that twelve hours after returning from the Tattoo and long before Platts was charged, they had left London for the United States.

Before giving his decision, the magistrate asked if a conviction would affect Platts' licence.

A police officer gave a non-committal answer.

Thereupon the magistrate found Platts guilty and fined him £5.

We have no doubt what the result would have been if Platts had given notice of appeal. But he would have first had to deposit a cash security of £40 with the court. That was impossible.

Three days later a policeman called and took away his badge and licence.

So he lost his means of livelihood.

Platts has a small war wounds pension, and the pensions authorities have been making enquiries about the conviction, presumably with one purpose.

He and his wife and three children are destitute and have had to get poor-law relief.

Now he has been told he will have to enter the workhouse.

What is his record?

He is only thirty-two, and was in France on active service soon after the outbreak of the Great War, before he was fifteen. In four years' service he was twice wounded. The British Legion paid the cost of training him as a taxi-cab driver.

An honest man

At least four times he has been commended by Metropolitan magistrates and the chairman of London Sessions, and thanked by senior police officers for assisting in the pursuit and capture of motor bandits.

On one occasion, when he tried to stop thieves, he was struck unconscious and had to be taken to hospital.

Not long ago, the police admitted, he had handed over a number of banknotes which a passenger had left in his cab. Surely sufficient evidence of his honesty!

Also, he is treasurer of the Old Comrades' organisation of the regiment in which he was a sergeant. As such he has handled hundreds of pounds.

John Bull is determined that this case shall be reopened, and the American Consul-General in London is co-operating by sparing no effort to trace Mr. and Mrs. Knifer to obtain their evidence.

In the meantime, we appeal to the Commissioner of Police to restore his licence to Platts so that he can again take his cab on the streets and save his family from destitution and himself from the workhouse.

A Plundering "Prince"

SHOPKEEPERS in London and elsewhere should be on their guard against a charming and polished Indian youth who impudently passes himself off as Prince Rahmat Ali Khan.

He spent some time in a London West End store the other day selecting various expensive articles to supplement his wardrobe.

While thus engaged he confided that he was a student at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he preferred to be known as plain Rahmat Ali Khan.

He spoke in excellent English and made a good impression, being a man of athletic build well over 6 ft. in height.

When his purchases were finally completed the prince tendered a cheque drawn on the Cambridge branch of a leading bank.

A few days later the cheque was returned by the bank dishonoured, and enquiries which were immediately set afoot in Cambridge elicited the fact that the charming Prince Rahmat Ali Khan was quite unknown there.

Meanwhile, other shopkeepers are coming forward to complain that they have been similarly tricked by this dusky deceiver.

The impressive stories he tells have not the slightest foundation in fact; and enquiries reveal that his real name is simply Rachid Nawabizada Khan.

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STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youthlike elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. (Prescription No. 1,168 T.)** Prices 2/6, 5/6, 15/6 (JB)

NERVE AND HEART TROUBLES

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF. HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. The **"Shadforth" Heart Tonic (No. 632)**, popularly known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts, will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness! Have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. (JB)

SLIMMING

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 375/DD).

COMPRISES:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per box.)
(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Prices 1/6 and 3/- per package.)
(3) A Special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price, 2/6 and 4/6 per jar.)
(4) A Special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price 1/3 per tablet.)

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful. The complete four-fold treatment, with directions, costs 7/6 (2 weeks' treatment), and 14/6 (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired. (JB)

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and langour. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills.) (JB)

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CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2008.)** Prices 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills.) (JB)

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This is not ordinary tea, it is a **HEALTH PRODUCT** *containing:* (1) Less tannin than ordinary tea, and is, therefore, a substitute for China Tea. (2) The tonic properties of the best British Beer without the alcohol; it is in reality, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." (3) The digestive and nutritive properties of the best British Malt Extract and, therefore, a cure for digestive trouble. (4) The nerve and brain feeding properties of Egg Extract (Lecithin). (5) The flavour and aroma which tea drinkers love. (6) Just those ingredients which make it the ideal drink for the young, the aged, the weak, and the strong.

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT *containing:* (1) The finest small leaf Ceylon and Indian Teas suitably blended with (2) British Barley (Malt Extract) and Eggs (Lecithin). Prepared like ordinary tea.

To every customer ordering any of Shadforth Prescriptions mentioned on this page, I will give a 3d. Sample Packet. If the order is above 10/–, it will be a 10½d. packet and if above 20/–, it will be a 1/9 packet.

W. SHADFORTH.

FREE TEA COUPON

The prescriptions may be obtained direct from us or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for prescriptions together with this coupon, and the tea will be forwarded post free by return.

"John Bull," August 6, 1932.

This page contains some examples of "SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE at THIS SEASON of THE YEAR

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Are MAGIC PELLETS *that*

MAKE work a pleasure
HOLD that well-paid job
REVIVE your interest in life

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CURE mental depression
RELIEVE the strain on the brain

SHADFORTH "BRAIN SPARKLERS"

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CATARRH, BRONCHIAL COUGH, AND INFLUENZA.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331 T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Price: 2/9, 4/6, 8/6 and 13/- (JB)

BACKACHE & LUMBAGO

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of Potash, Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 46.)** Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 tablets). (JB)

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A Scientific Substitute for Sunshine.
(Prescription 1063).

Prescribed in Anemia, Chlorosis, Chorea, Debility, Malnutrition, Rickettes, and threatened Tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamin and provides just that addition to diet which makes all the difference between a healthy and a morbid organism. The chlorophyll, which has been termed "bottled sunshine," assists in the manufacture of red blood corpuscles.

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Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter" (No. 225).** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Price 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100). 13/- (300). (JB)

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All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound**, the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets). (JB)

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Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hop-field. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 22)** in boxes at 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills). (JB)

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Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

HUGE HOSPITAL CHARITY Frauds

I HOPE this week to be in time to put a stop to a widespread campaign which is just being launched in the sacred name of charity by an unscrupulous individual, whose appeals are entirely bogus.

He presides over an organisation known as the Hospitals Trust, which should not be confused with the Irish Hospitals Trust under whose auspices the big Irish sweepstakes are run.

According to the literature now in circulation the Hospitals Trust has headquarters at "Excel House," Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2, and is non-sectarian and non-political.

Its objects are at once ambitious and laudable, for it aims at providing financial help for hospitals and institutions throughout Great Britain that treat sick children of the poor free of charge.

In addition, it proposes to extend similar support to maternity hospitals and institutions that accommodate and supply medical and surgical aid to poor mothers.

While appealing to the British public for voluntary contributions, the Hospitals Trust announces that it intends to organise various functions to raise funds for charitable purposes.

The possibility of conducting sweepstakes, should they be made legal in England, is also being considered.

All this shows that no efforts are to be spared in building up a very comprehensive programme and the assurance is given that everything will be under the supervision of a committee.

The big push

At the present moment the Trust is advertising for lady representatives "in every district" with a view to appointing them as part or whole-time collectors and organisers.

Already it is talking of making intensive appeals by personal canvass at private houses, shops, offices, works and factories under the slogan: "Nothing too small—nothing too big."

At the same time, district organisers and secretaries are to busy themselves in organising jumble sales, flag days and bazaars in a concentrated endeavour to swell the coffers of the Hospitals Trust.

There is no doubt that such a seemingly praiseworthy scheme will receive ready support all over the country; but as I said at the outset, I hope to be in time to nip it in the bud.

For investigations I have had made following an enquiry from a reader reveal that the whole thing is a nebulous dream of one man, whose qualifications for handling charity appeals of such magnitude are extremely doubtful.

He is Mr. P. O'Dwyer, of Craven Street, Strand, W.C., but he is modest enough to keep his name off the Trust's literature, where he is content to pass simply as "the secretary."

In the same way, I look in vain for the names of the Trust's bankers, auditors or the members who comprise the governing committee.

Nor was any of this information vouchsafed a woman who recently answered one of the Trust's advertisements for a representative.

The letter she received in reply was crudely typewritten upon a plain sheet of notepaper and bore no signature beyond a scribbled initial.

But it was marked "Private and confidential," and she was told that she could start on trial, without salary and could retain a fourth of anything she succeeded in collecting on behalf of the Trust!

Another person who called at the Whitcomb Street headquarters found no evidence of any widespread organisation, and after a brief wait in a barely furnished room, he was told that business was only conducted by letter and politely bowed out.

Ominous silence

I learn that Scotland Yard detectives who have also visited the Trust's headquarters have fared little better.

Although they have succeeded in meeting Mr. O'Dwyer, and obtained his assurance that he had a governing committee of twenty-five, a request for their names was met with silence.

The Trust's own secretary could not or would not say who was on the committee!

It is surely deplorable that a widespread charity appeal can be launched in such circumstances, but, as I have so often pointed out, the law in this respect is lamentably lax.

Any person who chooses can found a so-called charity and conduct highly-organised collections without being answerable to any authority. So long as some portion of the money so collected is devoted to the cause for which it was raised, no one has power to intervene.

O'Dwyer makes the suffering of others the basis of his impudent appeals

This is bad enough in any circumstances, but it is doubly so in this instance because I can reveal that Mr. P. O'Dwyer is a person who has been blacklisted in charitable circles as an impostor.

Until recently he was running a bogus organisation known as the London-Suburban and Provincial Charities, which was actually housed in the same address as his present ambitious Hospitals Trust.

Both the Charity Organisation Society and Scotland Yard have received complaints regarding this venture.

Some of its collection envelopes are in my dossier, and I cannot help noting that it makes the same claim as the Hospitals Trust and boasts of being "non-sectarian"—not a bad boast for a one-man scheme!

That O'Dwyer is not lacking in impudence may be gathered from his attitude towards a famous children's hospital which declined his offer to collect funds on its behalf.

He wrote to say that he was very glad that it had done so "as some of our people were not exactly satisfied about the matter." Then he capped this piece of impertinence by asking for all his literature to be returned to him as he wanted the whole proposition treated as "strictly private and confidential." He did not say *why*.

Although he openly declared that his London-Suburban and Provincial Charities was carried on by "voluntary workers" he was really allowing the canvassers to deduct a liberal proportion of their collections.

Everyone will agree that it is a lamentable thing that any one individual should have the entire control of a big charity scheme in his own hands, and be answerable to no governing body.

O'Dwyer has been constantly tackled by different people as to what happens to all the money that is collected in his campaigns.

But it is difficult to answer this question.

I have been unable to obtain any balance-sheets or statements of accounts, though I have established that some insignificant grants have been made from time to time.

Despicable sham

But what I would impress upon the public is that the trifling amount of charitable work done in no way justifies his wide appeals.

In view of this and the fact that so many complaints have been lodged with the police and the Charity Organisation Society, it will be seen that the present Hospitals Trust scheme is a colossal sham.

I am only consoled to note that certain Members of Parliament are acting on the tip I have so often given and are interesting themselves in framing legislation to bring all charities under proper control.

Holiday Guide Hoax

SOME crooks believe in keeping up to date, and we must award the palm in this respect to an elusive rascal named Harry Burton Saunders.

With the holiday season in full swing he is busily practising a form of fraud that is at once topical and ingenious.

He was in Portsmouth recently pretending to represent a publishing house, whose literature he displayed to inspire confidence in various shopkeepers and boarding-house proprietors upon whom he called.

He also carried a copy of a holiday guide in which various people had advertised, and he declared that he was authorised to collect outstanding subscriptions.

* * *

Numerous advertisers, thus canvassed, paid up at once, never suspecting the man to be an impostor. In each case he carefully filled in a receipt form, which he signed on behalf of the publishers.

In addition to collecting money in this impudent fashion, Saunders sometimes calls back to say that he has just missed his boat, or train. He pretends that he will have to stay overnight and requests a loan to tide him over until his firm is able to send him money for which he has wired.

Knowing the firm and believing that they will be reimbursed in the morning, the shopkeepers usually oblige the suave Mr. Saunders, who, of course, is never seen again.

* * *

The extent of this topical twister's frauds will be understood when we say that he is armed with literature stolen from several publishing firms, and has already operated successfully in different parts of the country.

Some of the towns where he has been exceptionally active recently are Halifax, Bristol, Cheltenham, Wolverhampton, and Widnes.

Apart from being in possession of so much stolen literature, it is also obvious that he has somehow acquired particulars of clients whose accounts happen to be outstanding.

It is largely because of the accuracy of his information in this respect that he is able to operate so successfully.

Any information which might lead to his arrest would be much welcomed by the police, who are handicapped by the fact that Saunders rarely stays in one town for more than a few hours.

AFTER THE DIVORCE

Can I Ever Forgive the OTHER WOMAN?

The divorced wife ponders . . . There is the woman who has taken her place, the bride of the man with whom she first stood at love's altar . . . What is her reaction to this climax of her bitter disillusionment?

MORE and more wives to-day are ending unhappy marriages in the Divorce Court—driven there in desperation by "the other woman."

When they look back on the tragedy that ruined their homes, what are their feelings towards the woman who was the cause of it—do they find it possible to forgive her?

A JOHN BULL representative put this question to a number of them and here are their answers. . . .

He Came Back

"TO-DAY I can definitely say 'yes.' I do forgive her for taking my husband from me," said Mrs. G——, an elderly woman, whose serene countenance gave me no clue to the suffering she had endured. "But ten years ago I should have given you a very different answer.

"Perhaps, after all, I was a little to blame, though you would not have convinced me of that at the time.

"My husband was slow in getting on in his profession, and my supposed friend, the other woman, never tired of telling me how much better I could have done for myself; and eventually I began to believe her.

"I remonstrated with my husband because of his lack of ambition, and the other woman took advantage of it to sympathise with him as a misunderstood man! It all ended in the Divorce Court, and he married her.

"Then I tried hard to forget. But it was impossible to shut out old memories. I knew in my heart that no other man would ever matter.

"One day a tremendous surprise was in store for me. A friend told me that the other woman had left him. I heard nothing more for a time; then my husband came back and begged me to forgive him.

"Now, ten years after that terrible break, we are married again. We have both learnt a lesson and have found true happiness. So how can I harbour hatred against that other woman—*now?*"

Sorry for Her

"I NOT only forgive the woman to whom my husband transferred his love, but I feel sorry for her. I know from bitter experience what she will have to endure with him, for his brutality forced me to take divorce proceedings."

This was the reply of Mrs. B——, a school teacher.

"I had my suspicions about my husband for years," she added. "I don't believe now that this last affair was his only lapse.

"The other woman is a nurse, and really so nice that I could not possibly feel any lasting animosity towards her. She is as much to be pitied as I am. That is how I feel about the whole business."

She Takes All

THE story of Mrs. S—— is unusual. She had been separated for many years from her husband, who had become naturalised in a foreign country, where divorce was easily obtainable.

Later he had married another woman, and, declaring that he was not so well off as formerly, drastically reduced the allowance he was making to his first wife.

"If I could live as I was always accustomed to do, I should have no regrets," she declared. "But when you find your income dropping lower and lower because someone else has usurped your position, it is impossible to repress bitterness.

"Yet I feel more incensed against the man who has failed me than I do towards the woman."

When Love Died

MRS. R——, a good-looking, grey-haired woman, with a charming voice and manner, said:

"I don't feel now there is anything to forgive. The other woman in my case has a sweet disposition, and if I did feel bitter at first at my inability to retain my husband's affection, I knew that I could not help ultimately forgiving them both."

Mrs. R——, I had already learnt, is ten years her late husband's senior, and she is one of those women in whom the maternal instinct is the strongest passion. Though she was quite well off financially, the husband had no money at all.

"From the outset," she confided, "I always had a dread that I might be too old to retain his love. So it did not really come as such a great surprise when he admitted that he had fallen in love with a very young and charming girl. I saw at once that the whole thing was inevitable.

"After all, I reflected, had I the right to deny them their happiness? I had the flat; they had no money. The home was large enough for us all, so we tried to arrange an amicable readjustment of our lives. I was foolishly quixotic, perhaps, for, of course, such an arrangement could not possibly last. In the end I divorced my husband, but I do not begrudge him his new-found happiness."

"I'll Show Her!"

MRS. H—— is another woman who is quite emphatic about her inability to forgive.

I was not surprised by her attitude; I can well imagine that she would show little mercy for anyone who injured her. The thin lips and hard, grey eyes belied her pleasant voice.

"She was an utterly shameless hussy," was how she described the home-wrecker. "Though she came regularly to our house, posing as my friend, she was all the time carrying on with my husband behind my back. And I, poor fool, believed in her!

"Goodness knows how long it would have gone on if I had not found out what was happening by accident.

"I had left home to go out to a kinema one evening, but the friend I was to have met was ill, and I returned to the house almost immediately. Entering unexpectedly, I found that woman in my husband's arms!

"Of course, he made all sorts of excuses, and declared that it was just a harmless flirtation; but my eyes were opened, and I decided that the Divorce Court was the only place where such excuses could be heard.

"Now it is taking me all my time to get the alimony out of him. I blame her for that, too. I know she thinks that, having won his love, she has a right to all his money. But I'll show her who has the just claim!"

To be Pitied

"I FELT dreadfully hurt, but I forgave her almost at once," said Mrs. C——, an actress, who is working hard to assist in maintaining her children.

"You see, I knew all the time that, in spite of everything, it was me whom he really loved."

She was happily married to a man

by TWELVE WIVES

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a few years her junior, who was undoubtedly passionately in love with her. But he had to take work abroad, while her profession and her children kept her in England.

Thrown into the company of a girl whose interests were similar to his own, the husband gradually forgot his home ties, and, when he returned to England, he asked his wife to divorce him because the other girl was soon to become a mother, and he wanted to marry her for the child's sake.

"What could I do?" asked Mrs. C——. "There seemed only one right way; the girl feared the effect of her disgrace on her parents. I agreed to a divorce and my husband married her; then, after all, the child died—perhaps, though, that was the best thing that could have happened.

"All the time I know that at the bottom of his heart he wants me; so how can I do otherwise than forgive? Sometimes I think that that girl is almost more to be pitied than I am. She can never escape her conscience.

I Hate Her!

"NO; I can never forgive the other woman—or rather the second one, for there were two in my case." Mrs. J—— was emphatic about that. "I felt I simply wanted to fly at her every time I saw her," she declared.

"Strange as it may seem," she explained, "my husband and I agreed at the time of our marriage that I should condone one affair of his. I knew there was a girl whom he had known before he met me, and of whom he was still very fond. We did not speak of her, of course, but I knew all about her, and did not interfere.

"Unfortunately, things did not end there. Another girl who moved in our own circle became friendly with him, and the next thing I found out was that they had been away together.

"Wherever I went after that it seemed that she and I were bound to meet. How I hated the very sight of her!

"There is a limit to everything, and I reached the end of my tether when she attempted to patronise me at a party given by a mutual friend. I've never forgiven her for that.

"I told my husband that either he would have to give her up or I should divorce him. He finished with her, but only to resume his first affair. But I could not tolerate that again after the way he'd treated me, and our extraordinary marriage ended in the Divorce Court."

My Revenge

MRS. I—— is a vindictive ex-wife—and proud of it. Even her fine features are marred by her hard, relentless expression.

"I'll never forgive either of them!" she said angrily. "And I fancy I am having a subtle revenge.

"I expect they are both surprised because they meet me so often. I make it my business to run into them as frequently as I can. No, I take no notice of them; but I make sure that they *see* me. That is enough to prevent them forgetting!

"He pays the alimony promptly, or there would be trouble. Anyway, I don't believe for one moment that he can be happy with her. She is such a silly, futile little creature, and I'm positive his home cannot be kept as *I* used to keep it.

"I have never found out exactly where he first met her, but I grew suspicious when he was away so frequently at week-ends—'on business.'

"People have told me that she is afraid of me. I hope she is!

"It is the way they plotted to deceive me that has made me so vindictive. I hate lies and secrecy.

"I wish I could prevent his ever seeing the children; but that cannot be altered, I suppose. But you can rest assured of one thing—I shall *never* forgive her!"

For Baby's Sake

MRS. L—— is a forgiving wife because there is a baby in the case as well as another woman.

"I felt so sorry for the girl and for the baby," she explained. "It was not its fault, at any rate, that it had been born into trouble.

"I knew that the mother had to work for her living, and that it would mean the loss of her job if she had to keep the child. So I offered to care for the little mite with my own.

"Now I've divorced my husband I am still as sorry as ever for that young mother, because it may be her turn next to be treated as I was. That is the truth."

The Friend...

MRS. J—— suffered a double disillusionment. That is why she is especially bitter against the other woman.

"The first suspicion I had that she had come into my life was when my husband became more casual in his manner towards me, and even ceased to take any interest in our little girl," she said.

"When I taxed him with it he admitted that there was another girl. That was a big enough shock, but it was nothing compared with what was to come. For I discovered she was none other than my greatest school friend, to whom I had often given food and shelter.

"It is her home now, and I can't say that she's welcome to it. I still love my former husband, and cannot keep a civil tongue about the girl who stole him from me."

Love-Thief

THE tragedy in the life of Mrs. T—— came after she had toiled and scraped for years to give her husband a comfortable home while he was poor.

Then he got on in the world, and one day brought the other woman to her home—she was his secretary, or typist, or something of the sort. Soon she became a frequent visitor.

"Usually she and my husband talked about business affairs, which he had never confided in me, and I felt quite out of the conversation.

"Finally they went out together, as he said, to discuss business. 'I know you will not mind, dear,' he used to say.

"Well, I didn't, and took it all in blindly until I discovered that they were having their 'business talks' in picture houses. She was a real snake in the grass; I can't think well of her."

A Warning

"I SHOULD like to warn other wives against women of the type of the one who took my husband," declared Mrs. A——.

"She was always condoling with me for having what she described as 'a neglectful husband.' 'Does he care for you? Do you think there is anybody else?' she was always saying to me.

"Up to that time I never doubted that he did care, but in the end her remarks worried me, and I reproached him for his supposed neglect of me. That led to quarrels and to an estrangement that grew and grew, until one day he told me he had found someone else. And that someone else was the condoling friend who had misled me for her own selfish ends.

"I don't know whether I can forgive her. What is more to the point is, can I forgive myself?"

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the Leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

And now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 1/3 and 2/- cartons. The latter containing double the quantity. Also family size, 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

WHEN THEY ACHE, BURN, SMART, SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER, PERSPIRE, AND FORM CORNS OR CALLOUSES.

All you need is a highly medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared by adding 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain water. Refreshing, soothing, healing and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or money back in full, immediately, and without question. Millions of packets have been sold always under this unqualified guarantee. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit.

NOTE—'Reudel Bath Saltrates' has been rendered even more effective by being TRIPLE-oxygenated. Also, the amount in the packets has been increased by 25% (from 4 ozs. to 10 ozs.). Price still only 1/6 of all chemists.

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The amazingly ingenious construction of the new Bolenium Non-Slip Buckle giving scam or wedge action sees to that! Surprisingly simple to adjust. Made of solid brass, there is nothing to rust. Detachable, not sewn on. Insist on BOLENIUM Overalls, and avoid the discomfort of slipping brace buckles.

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THOSE IN THE KNOW USE

AG PAPERS

The Adventures of a Rolling Stone

I Fall Among THIEVES

LAST week I told how, at the age of fourteen, I sailed from La Plata as one of a crew of five in a little twenty-ton craft bound for a river somewhere in Honduras.

There was something irregular about the voyage, I knew, but all the Yankee skipper had told me was that we were "after some fruit."

The atmosphere of that tropic river was decidedly eerie.

Sometimes we'd pass a sandy beach where the crocodiles lay drowsing in the sun. There was dead wood, too, it littered the stream and you couldn't tell a log from a sleeping crocodile.

* * *

At night we lay inshore. One night we cleared the forest and anchored off a stretch of marsh. I heard the nigger talk in whispers to the cook. They told of the animals and the insects there were ashore; of poisonous swamp snakes, and serpents that lay concealed in the dead wood which you hear hissing as the branches crack beneath your feet; of tarantulas nearly a foot across the back with great hairy legs twelve inches long that hang from the branches and dart out so fast that they can get a humming bird on the wing.

And about the ants that lived in nests like Rugby footballs, and will come out and attack you in swarms till they have stripped your bones all white and dry.

Presently I heard a footstep on deck overhead, and a voice called down to me: "Ready, my lad?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then up you come—we're going ashore for that fruit I told you of."

We all mustered on deck under the stars. Far off came the long, low howl of an animal. Then the captain gave us our orders. We were to separate and go off in couples, the captain with the nigger, the mate taking me, the cook being left aboard to mind the ship. The mate carried a long pole and I had a net.

FOR two miles we trudged across the swamp—at times over empty stretches, at other times along a track through the tangled undergrowth of the tropic forest. Neither of us spoke. I knew that there was something wrong. And as we went I could not help thinking of all the nigger had said about poisonous snakes and ants and tarantulas.

At last we saw ahead of us the great leaves of a banana plantation, black in their outline against the sky.

"Ready!" whispered the mate.

"Please, what am I to do?"

"Follow me, and do as I do."

And we went to work on the bananas. We harked away feverishly at them with our clasp knives, lashing them down by bunches and stuffing them into the net as they fell. And dazed and sleepy as I was, I knew we were doing wrong, for we had not paid for those bananas, and we were stealing them from somebody's plantation.

Then, when our net was full, we thrust the pole through it, and lifting the great weight from the ground we staggered back over the swamp towards our boat.

It seemed to take us twice as long this time—in fact, it seemed eternity to me.

At times my foot sank down among a heap of deadwood, and I thought of the hidden snakes, at others the marsh squelched over my ankles, and sometimes I would stumble on something, and every time I stumbled I thought of the ants' nests that were like Rugby footballs.

We got back, dumped our "cargo" in the hold and set out on another journey. And so it went on till the night grew pale before the dawn and we weighed anchor and drifted down stream.

The others had worked as energetically as ourselves, and the hold of our little craft was full of stolen bananas varied by a few mangoes and pineapples.

But I was wondering how it could ever pay our captain or be worth his while to run so many risks for the sake of pilfering a few bananas from the plantations in Honduras.

Our boat put into Pensacola on the Florida coast. As soon as the sun went down the captain called me to him and gave me a letter to deliver ashore. I think it was about the sale of our cargo.

But I had decided that the game wasn't worth the candle. Although I was well treated aboard, and better paid than ever I've been before or since, I made up my mind to quit.

Here we were stealing fruit by the shipload in Central America at night and selling the cargo in the Gulf of Mexico at night, too—and I'd seen enough of one prison to put me off any other.

I took the letter and delivered it, but instead of coming back to the ship I asked my way to the railway station where I found a train of freight cars on a siding.

When I saw that there was no one looking I lifted the tarpaulin, slipped in and lay down between two crates.

Then I drew the tarpaulin back over my head, leaving a little strip of sky visible so that the stars were winking at me when I shut my eyes. In a few minutes I was fast asleep.

* * *

I was awakened by a terrific jolting and rattle. The train was moving. But there were other sounds in the freight-car—sounds of heavy breathing and whispers. I wasn't alone. I tried to get back to sleep, but this time it wasn't so easy. I couldn't help wondering just what sort of men those were the other side of the crates. But I was not to be satisfied.

THE sound of men's voices coming nearer drove me back under the tarpaulin, where I lay shivering though it was a warm night. Presently, in addition to the rattle of the train, I heard other sounds, first men's voices high-pitched and angry, then a shriek and a clatter, then—silence, and then the same thing again.

They were throwing the stowaways off the train and the train was moving. So they went over into the night—three of them.

Then the tarpaulin was lifted overhead, and a dark face appeared in the opening, and a voice called out: "Come on. Here's another of them."

"Come out, you there!"

And having no choice I crawled from under the tarpaulin. A heavy hand was clapped upon my shoulder, a knee rammed into my spine.

I shut my eyes and waited for the shock.

"Wait a minute," cried a rough voice, "who's that you got hold of?"

"Waal, ain't he just another durned freight-jumping hoboe?"

"Shucks, Mick, he's only a kid. You can't pitch a kid like him out on the railroad track."

The hand released me, and I stood up blinking and swaying in the truck while they squatted on the bills.

"Well. What are you doing here anyhow?" said one of the two conductors, not unkindly.

I blurted out the tale of how I came to be there, told them of the long trek to the banana plantation, and the poison snakes, and then I began to cry.

"Don't, don't send me back," I pleaded.

THE two men looked at each other.

"Waal, can you beat it?" said one of them.

"We didn't ought to leave him, Joe," said the first man doubtfully.

"Shucks—he can't do no harm."

"Will you leave the crates be, Kid, if we leave you be?"

I nodded. "I promise—I don't want anything except to stay on the train, sir."

"O.K. kid. Now, see here—I'll be round again when she stops in New Orleans, and you won't be there to see me—get me? Now come on Mick and let's see if there's any more of them."

So I slipped back under the tarpaulin and when the train drew into New Orleans I took the hint and made off as fast as my little legs could carry me.

At New Orleans I found a place on an oil tanker, and after an uneventful voyage I was paid off at the Port of London.

The memory of the days and nights that I passed down by the East India docks is blurred in my mind and I can-

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NOW that you have started these reminiscences of a "John Bull" reader, why not turn over your own memories and write down *your* tale?—the stirring adventures which may have coloured *your* life?

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Stone . . . . A "John Bull" Reader's Own Story

A dark face appeared in the opening and a voice cried out: "Come on. Here's another of them"

not put order into all that happened to me down there.

It was a queer hand-to-mouth sort of life—often I was nearly starving, but I can't say I was unhappy.

I never seemed to worry much about things, they worked themselves out somehow, and though there were plenty of queer customers in and around those Limehouse doss-houses, well, it's an advantage to be a 15-year-old kid with nothing worth stealing sometimes. First I stopped at the Sailors' Home in St. Anne Street, till the money ran out.

Then I took to carrying sailors' bags for them up and down the West India Dock Road.

WHEN I'd a few pennies saved up I'd take a bed in the doss-house. But many's the night I just dropped off to sleep under Stepney Arches, dog tired, till the morning.

I saw human nature all right, at its best and its worst, and I couldn't puzzle it all out. For instance, there were the street women. Whenever sailors came ashore they'd besiege them and carry them off. Many a sailor would be lured to a room that was hired for one night only, and be slung out into the street unconscious, his pockets empty.

The harpies used to use rubber cab tyres to stun their victims, because they left no mark. There were two or three victims every day. And the women and their bullies weren't particular. Asiatics, Finns, Negroes—all was grist that came to the mill. But they never touched a Chinaman. I don't know why it was, but in all those months I never saw a Chinaman molested once.

And the queer thing about it all was that those same street girls who'd rob a man of every penny would always help anyone who was down and out. They often put new life into me with a cup of tea or coffee off the stall on cold winter evenings.

When they were flush and I was lucky, it would be: "Come along, cocky, and have a cup of tea and two."

That was tea with two slices of bread and butter and an egg sandwiched between. And I am sure that many a gentleman dining at the Ritz didn't enjoy his dinner so much as I enjoyed my cup of tea and two at the coffee stall.

And I saw many queer things done for a living; one night a dirty little old man came into the "Blue Posts" with a sack full of live rats

For the price of a pint he would take a rat out of his bag and bite its head off, all alive and wriggling. I believe he sold the tails to the L.C.C.

As time went on I got to distinguish two kinds of customers at the doss-house. There were the labourers out all day, and the flashy sort who lounged about in the daytime and were only out at night.

They didn't mix much. The labourers were jolly open-handed sort of folk who'd share and share alike when there was anything to be shared.

Sometimes they'd send me off to the grocer's down the street and I'd come back with a farthing's worth of tea, a farthing's worth of sugar, a farthing's worth of milk, and a farthing's worth of Woodbines.

That would do for twelve cups, and they usually asked me to make up one of the party. They were free and easy with the place—after all it was the only home that most of them had.

But the other lot usually left me alone, though they were friendly. Sometimes they showed me great hauls of gold watches and chains, diamond rings, watch chains, and tie pins—above all things, tie pins.

THEY were widely worn in those days, with big jewelled heads. And I learned how two of the men would go to the Underground lifts or to a railway station at the rush hour, pick out a likely pin, and then each holding the end of a strand of horsehair or a dark cotton thread, would raise it till it caught under the pin's head.

Then with a sharp jerk they would shake the pin out of position and on to the ground without the wearer noticing what had happened.

I'll never forget when one came back alone. His friend had picked a pin with a screw head fitting in behind the tie; his thread got caught and so did he.

A fog was always the sign for them to go out on an expedition—usually in pairs. One would bump against a woman, and, knocking her bag out of her hand, would run away into the fog.

If she raised an alarm and he were caught there would be nothing found on him, for it was their habit to let the bag fall on the ground. This the accomplice would pick up as soon as his friend was chased away.

There was a great deal I learned from them, and more that I did not, for a lot of what they said was in back slang, which I could not follow.

THERE was, in those days, a lock-up tavern, which I'll call Joe Bottlefull's, frequented by the worst type of street women. The place contained an old mechanical player-piano that ground out "A Bicycle Made for Two" and "By the Side of the Zuyder Zee" when you dropped a penny into it. No one slept there at nights. Two of these sharp lads would hang round Joe's tavern till closing time counting the pennies as they heard them fall.

One night they stayed a little longer, and after the place shut they hid themselves in the yard. When everything was quiet they climbed on to an outhouse roof, broke a glass pane and let themselves in.

The player-piano was smashed up and they staggered home with two sackloads of coppers.

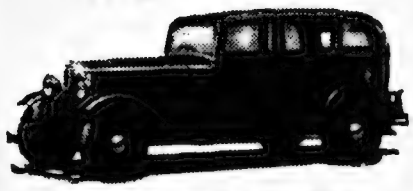
They spent weeks changing them for silver all over London, six or twelve at a time, but I never heard of either of them being caught.

As one said to me, it was among the few hauls that paid them in the end. For it was surprising how little a fence would give for jewellery. If a man got thirty shillings for a twenty-pound gold watch he thought himself lucky.

(To be continued)

In next week's issue our reader will tell how he came to be an eye-witness of an astonishing murder, and how he became involved in a mysterious escapade in Russia.

Who Wants—



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A PARABLE ADDRESSED

To Those who want to GET ON

". . . the plain facts of the career of my friend, Joseph Wright"

by Philip Inman

Each week on this page, Philip Inman, "John Bull's" "Humanist," wages war on the troubles and problems of our readers.

Will you let him help you? To those correspondents whose letters he quotes £1 1s. will be paid.

I HAVE always had one great ambition, and, strangely enough, I am realising it through my work as "Humanist."

That ambition is to help the struggling young fellows and girls who are desperately anxious to make a success of life.

My postbag has confirmed what I already knew—that there are many young people about who, though not blessed with material advantages and influence, are possessed of brains and grit and perseverance, and what is sometimes even greater than those three—character.

The world was never more in need of these qualities than it is to-day, and there is no reason why even the humblest who enjoys them should not rise to the top of the ladder.

Now, I suppose my desire to serve ambitious youth comes from my own personal experience. I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. The positions I hold to-day were attained only after a terrific struggle.

* * *

That is why I feel a natural sympathy with all those who intend to "win through," no matter what obstacles may lie in their path.

There is a far greater satisfaction in succeeding through one's own personal endeavours than through the influence of other folk. And that it can be done is proved by the lives of great men all around us—men like Lord Ashfield, Sir Harry McGowan, Lord Reading, and a host of others.

"No advice of mine can inspire him to greater endeavours half so much as . . .

I would commend these facts to my young correspondent who writes me. Here is his letter:

"I am eighteen years old, and am at present working with my father, who is a carpenter on a large estate near this town. For the last three years I have been studying at night school, and have taken a diploma in shorthand, typewriting and bookkeeping.

"Last week I wanted to reply to an advertisement in the local paper for a post as a junior clerk, but my father strongly objected. He has been opposed to my studying, saying it is a sheer waste of time.

"His argument is that in business life it is impossible to make headway unless there is someone behind you to push you on. He seems to think that what is good enough for him ought to be good enough for me.

"I feel I could make a success if I only had a chance. But it is very disheartening to have cold water constantly thrown on anything I attempt."

That parent is taking a very narrow-minded and selfish attitude towards his boy. It is all bunkum to say that influence is necessary for success.

Let me commend to those two—father as well as son—the career of a very great Yorkshireman who died just a year ago.

Here are just a few of the qualifications he possessed—he was a Master of Arts at Oxford, a Doctor of Philosophy at Heidelburg, a Doctor of Civil Laws at Durham, a Doctor of Literature at Dublin, a Fellow of the British Academy, and for very many years he held a coveted professorship at Oxford University.

All this he achieved without money (except that which he earned himself), without influence, and in spite of every possible hardship.

For this, very briefly, is the story of his life:

When quite a baby he lost his father, and his mother was left with the responsibility of maintaining herself and four children. Just like these days, times were hard for working folk, and that family was forced by circumstances into the workhouse.

But Sarah Ann Wright was a fit mother of the lad who was destined to become a great man, and soon they were out of that workhouse and went to live in a one-roomed cottage with practically no furniture.

* * *

When he was six, Joseph Wright went to work in a quarry, for which he received eighteen-pence a week. His working day was a ten-hour one, and he stuck it for a year.

From there he obtained work as a "doffer" in a mill at Saltaire. He was engaged as a "short-timer"—that is to say, he worked half the day and attended the school, provided by his employer for his mill-hands, the other half.

At no time during his life did Joseph Wright have a full day's schooling.

His progress, strange to say, started with the Franco-German War in 1870. The mill-hands at work used to pass the dinner-hour by reading newspaper accounts of the battles that were being fought. Among the workmen was a man of French extraction, who could still speak the language perfectly. Joseph Wright learnt it from him.

Then after he had become proficient in French he found a German family in Bradford, and he went to listen to their conversations until he could talk it as well as they could themselves.

He laboriously taught himself to read and write with the aid of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And in order to help him, his mother, who at forty-five did not even know the alphabet, learned to read, too, so that she could help her boy in his endeavours.

There is no power in the world that can stop such people from progressing.

By the time he was twenty-one, Joseph Wright had managed to scrape together out of his scanty wages the sum of £40. On the strength of this he went off to Germany and took a fourteen weeks' course at the University at Heidelburg.

He came back and took his matriculation examination, and then started to teach in schools at Margate and Wrexham. He saved every penny he could, and that enabled him to go back to Germany, where he remained as a student for six years, taking his doctor's degree.

* * *

It sounds an incredible distance from a workhouse in Yorkshire to a professorship at Oxford. It was traversed by Joseph Wright, a man whom I had the pleasure of knowing. One day I asked him to tell me the secret. And this is what he said:

"We can all better ourselves if we make up our minds to do so. It is a matter of singleness of purpose, inflexible determination, and unfaltering perseverance. And the greatest of these, I believe, is perseverance."

What this great scholar and still greater gentleman accomplished is not beyond the power of any of my young readers.

I have purposely related his wonderful life-story because I feel that no advice of mine can inspire them to greater endeavours half as much as the plain facts of the career of my friend, Joseph Wright.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PAGE-BOY'S ROMANCE

Ivan Golden, the film star, yesterday revealed how he started his climb to fame by being a page-boy.

"I was on the run from morning to night," he said in an interview. "Just one bell after another . . . hot water here, ice water there, post this letter, send this wire. Those were strenuous days, and how I longed to get out of them."

Read his story, "A Slave of Bells," by Geoffrey Williamson, in the *Passing Show Summer Annual*, the nation's laughter tonic. Packed with laughs—100 pages of glorious fun for sixpence. Hurry! Get a copy to-day—they are getting scarce.

The Human Machine

MENTAL HERMITS

IN days when economy has become less of a slogan than a parrot-cry there is an urgent need for a thorough understanding of what it really means; for quite apart from any question of money, lots of people are prone to try and economise with living itself.

"We all know 'economical' people," said a great thinker, "people who seem to be niggardly even about the amount of air they breathe and the amount of appreciation they will allow themselves to give anything. They shrivel—body and soul."

People like this are to be pitied, for economy in life is waste—waste of the juices of life, of the very sap of living. Economisers are not users—that is the trouble—for whatever we have was given us to use, and if we do not use we misuse.

Our energies, our mental powers, our spiritual abilities—unless we use them, we waste them, allow them to rot. Use or misuse—that is our only choice. There is no middle way. No one can ever compromise with life.

People who economise in the art of living are not as clever as they think. They are the merest amateurs, for they have not begun to understand that life only rewards those who spend themselves extravagantly and royally. It is sheer prodigality in living and not niggardly economy that is a virtue.

Life does not consist of what is done for you, but of what is done by you. Wisdom does not consist in hoarding knowledge, but in the use that is made of knowledge.

And the measure of a man's usefulness is the measure of his creative output. He may give sympathy or friendship; he may give ideas; he may do actual productive work; he may do no more than lend a helping hand to someone less fortunate than himself. What matter—so long as he gives?

The world long ago realised that the hermit in his cave was more picturesque than useful. The mental hermit has not even the advantage of being picturesque.

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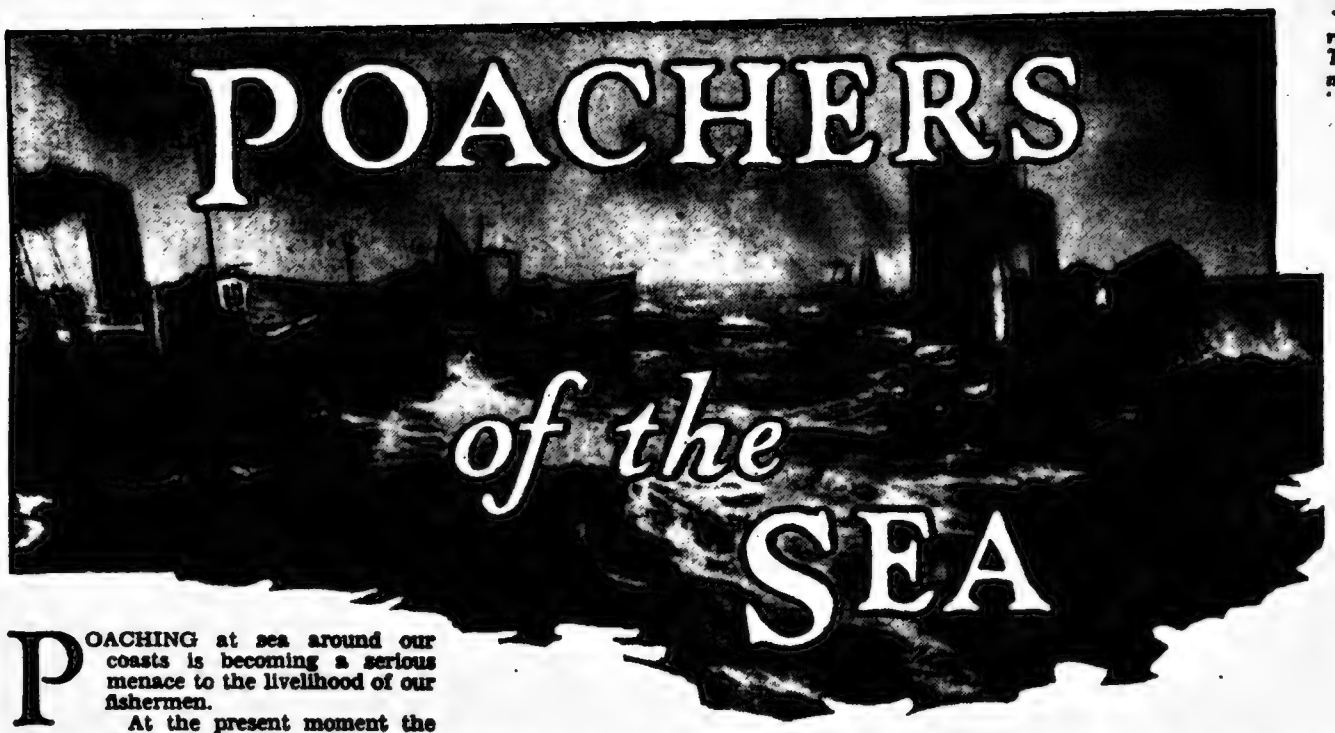


POACHERS of the SEA

THESE gallant little fishing boats have to struggle desperately to reap their harvest from the sea . . . The activities of the sea poachers make their task even more difficult

POACHING at sea around our coasts is becoming a serious menace to the livelihood of our fishermen.

At the present moment the Fishery Protection cruiser, *Godetia*, manned partly by Hastings fishermen and using a code of light signals, is doing its best to catch certain French fishing boats which have lately taken to raiding Rye Bay by night.

These raiders, using nets of an illegal mesh which destroy young fish, creep within the protected three-mile limit under cover of darkness and lower their nets among the mackerel shoals.

In order to deceive the patrol vessel, they use lights similar to those of British trawlers. The odds are heavily in their favour, for if the patrol vessel gave chase in the Bay it would probably do hundreds of pounds' worth of damage to the nets of our own trawlers.

So tempting . . .

This is only one example of a crime which is becoming very prevalent to-day because the famous open fishing grounds of Europe which have yielded rich hauls for so many years are at length showing signs of exhaustion, and because the prospects of gain, particularly round our coasts, are big enough to warrant the risks.

The beds of such happy fishing grounds as the Dogger Bank have been scraped by steadily growing fleets of trawlers for many a long year. The fish are becoming scarcer. Every year there is more temptation to poach.

Some idea of the prizes at stake may be gathered from the annual fishery statistics. Last year about £20,000,000 worth of fish was caught and landed in Great Britain, and the boats and gear in use are valued at some £11,000,000.

Over 50,000 men and boys are employed in the industry, and if all the herrings they caught in a single season were placed head to tail they would reach far beyond the moon.

The prospects of a lucrative haul from some favoured fishing ground are extremely bright. A Hull trawler landed a catch which sold for £8,327. This meant a cheque for the skipper of well over £700 on a 10 per cent. profit-sharing basis.

Small wonder that there are men of various nationalities ready to risk arrest for the opportunity of stealing a good catch in a prohibited area.

The raider's risk

It must be remembered that the maximum trawling depth is 360 ft., so that only limited stretches of the ocean are suitable for working.

According to International Law each country has jurisdiction over the waters round its coasts within three miles out from low-water mark. Local fishermen are usually given the monopoly over the fishing grounds close to the coasts, but there are always bold, unscrupulous men from outside, both British from other grounds and foreigners, ready to try their luck with a raid.

They know, of course, that they will have to run the gauntlet of the Fishery Protection Patrol.

This police force of the sea is composed of fast cruisers and gunboats released by the Admiralty for this special work. Scotland usually has two on duty—one patrolling the east coast and one the west coast.

Sometimes the patrol vessels work in conjunction with a flight from the Royal Air Force. The aeroplanes cruise overhead, and if they see any suspicious-looking craft they report it to the patrol boat by wireless.

The latter at once sets off in pursuit, and coming up within signalling distance, orders the suspect to stop. If the latter is really a poacher she has to decide instantly whether to surrender or whether to make a dash for it.

If she is a foreign vessel and runs away she has this advantage: that if she gets outside the three-mile limit she cannot be arrested; for International Law forbids it. But the patrol boat is usually a good deal faster, and running away is a serious additional offence. Not only this, if the runaway raider is identified she will be reported and refused permission to land fish at any port in Great Britain, perhaps for twelve months.

As a rule, foreign boats are arrested through complaints made by our own fishermen. Not long ago the fishermen of Dover, Deal and Folkestone complained that French fishing vessels were invading our territorial waters.

H.M.S. *Garry* was sent to patrol the coast, and before long the Boulogne fishing boat *St. Michael*, B.835, was discovered fishing illegally in the three-mile limit. Two officers with revolvers were placed in charge of her; she was brought into Dover inner harbour and her master arraigned before the local magistrates and fined.

A fine of not more than £10 or £20 is imposed for a simple first offence, but if the master is an old offender the fine may be £100 or more.

In some other countries the penalties are far more severe. Recently the owner of the trawler *Kastoria*, of Grimsby, was fined £680 for illegal trawling off Iceland and his gear was confiscated.

Some of the more recent encounters of our patrol vessels with trawlers caught fishing illegally read rather like stories of piracy in bygone days.

A naval battle!

A short time ago, the gunboat *Spey*, while patrolling the west coast of Scotland, sighted a trawler fishing in the prohibited waters. She signalled the culprit to lay to, but no notice was taken of the order. On the contrary, the trawler began to move away at full speed.

The *Spey* then fired three blank shots, and next fired two shells across the raider's bows, but still she did not check her speed.

An amazing thing then occurred. The commander of the *Spey* overhauled the fugitive and observed that the trawler's identity plates were completely covered. So he manœuvred his vessel on to her lee quarters with the idea of cutting away these coverings to discover the delinquent's identity.

But the manœuvre was unsuccessful. Two men aboard the trawler kept off the naval men with gaffs!

Something like a naval battle began then. Lieutenant Woodriffe, of the *Spey*, tried to wash away the coverings with his fire hose. Finally he turned his fire hose on the men!

For seven hours the battle continued. At last, the trawler surrendered and was escorted into Campbeltown. She was one of our own raiders—the *Wigan*, of Fleetwood.

Some days later the master, Nicholas Wright, appeared before the Sheriff Court. He was fined £100, with the forfeiture of his net, for illegal trawling, £20 for concealing his identification marks, and £50 for running away.

Another extraordinary recent chase occurred when Captain Angus, commanding the Fishery Protection cruiser *Norna*, surprised the Fleetwood trawler *Teroma* fishing one evening half a mile off the Butt of Lewis without lights.

She refused to stop and made off as fast as she could. Her master ordered the mate to cut her gear adrift, but the mate refused to obey.

The night chase

The *Norna* soon came up to her, but she would not surrender. Several of her crew had disguised themselves by rubbing their faces with coal dust and red ochre. A man at the wheel was muffled up to the eyes, and another on the forecastle head was painting the ship's numbers over with black grease. The *Norna* took a number of photographs to prove this.

As the runaway ship plunged through the gathering darkness, flames belched from her funnel so that it became red hot. The *Norna* fired several blank shots, and Captain Angus shouted to the master to stop. The trawler twice manœuvred across the cruiser's bows, and in trying to do so a third time caused a collision, which did no serious damage, but allowed her to escape into a bank of fog after an eighty-mile chase.

But she had been identified, and later the Stornaway Sheriff Court fined her master £100 for illegal trawling, £10 for concealing his registration marks and £10 for not carrying the regulation lights.

The sea poacher is an old offender, but nowadays he has become so bold and reckless that the utmost vigilance is necessary to keep him under control.

A SHAMEFUL *Inquisition*

OFFICIALDOM has strange ideas, and the methods adopted by the Public Assistance Committee of the London County Council savour more of the Spanish Inquisition than an enlightened municipal body.

A reader whose mother was removed to St. James's Hospital, Wandsworth, following a street accident, was astounded to receive an official grey form, known as "M.P.5," from the Public Assistance Local Sub-Office (Area VII.), District No. 14, of the London County Council Public Assistance Department.

He was asked forthwith to "be good enough" to furnish a statement of his circumstances on the reverse side of the form to enable "the appropriate committee" to determine what contribution, if any, he should make towards reimbursing the L.C.C.

With much verbosity it was explained that "By Section 16 of the Local Government Act, 1929," it was the duty of the Council to recover costs of maintenance of any person who had become an inmate of a hospital.

Was he, as the son of the inmate referred to, willing to pay a certain weekly sum? If so, the questions overleaf need not be answered.

How indulgent of the L.C.C.! But what a formidable array of questions awaits any unfortunate person who, through no fault of his own, may be without means to meet such an emergency demand.

The L.C.C. only wants to know name, address, age, occupation, total weekly earnings, name and address of employer, occupation of wife and her total earnings, the names, ages and occupations of any children living at home, and particulars of their earnings or unemployment insurance benefits, National Health Insurance benefits, income under Workmen's Compensation Acts, club or trade society benefits, service, disability, widows' and orphans' or old age pensions, or any other incomes.

* * *

It only wants to know, also, the details of all weekly outgoings, such as rent, contributions to health or unemployment insurances, club or trade society, life insurance premiums or "other necessary outgoings."

It only wants to know whether there are any other assets or sources of income, such as reserve pay, money in the bank, property, war loans, maternity benefits; whether the person concerned is a member of any hospital savings association; what amounts he is prepared to contribute, with a signed declaration that all the details given are true.

This may be the Public Assistance Department's idea of high efficiency; but even the much-maligned income-tax forms hardly present such a monstrous inquisition.

In the present instance this formidable form was sent to a professional man, and the slightest enquiry on the part of the authorities would have sufficed to ascertain his circumstances.

But the department was taking no chances.

Not content with demanding a weekly payment from him as an alternative to answering several dozen intimate questions, *it has sent similar forms to three other relatives of this particular patient*, although the patient's husband is still alive.

One can easily imagine the feelings of those whose loved ones are lying ill as the result of an accident on being pestered by such a preposterous example of exacting officialdom as is represented by Form "M.P.5."

A simple letter of enquiry should surely suffice in the great majority of cases, and, apart from sparing relatives unnecessary heartache and annoyance, would save the taxpayer from having to foot a heavy bill for masses of inane printing.

Make your bath a real tonic!

FRET and fatigue are often only skin deep. Skin deep—because millions of tiny pores are clogged with acid waste. Refresh your skin and you refresh your whole body. A tonic bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it helps those tiny health-ducts to do their natural work. Clears the pores, makes the muscles supple, lulls and calms the nerves. Leaving you toned up, tuned up—and oh, how rested and right!

2d. each and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 for 1/-

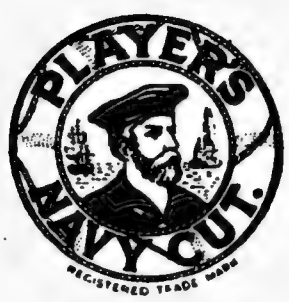
RECKITT'S Bath Cubes

BRITISH MADE BY RECKITT AND SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

QUALITY *and* QUANTITY

—the wonderful blend that makes

Player's Please



5 FOR 3D
10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Save your Player packets for the Imperial Tobacco Company's POSTER COMPETITION..
£20,000 IN CASH PRIZES
Ask your Tobacconist for particulars

N.C.C. 130 D

TO END YOUR INDIGESTION

Digestive disorders are due to the presence of excess acid in the stomach, creating fermentation, gas, and pain. These distressing conditions may be stopped instantly and further attacks prevented by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia, an antacid preparation which, the moment it enters the stomach, neutralises the excess acid and thus induces easy, normal digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the sensible remedy for indigestion, gastritis and dyspeptic troubles generally; it is used and recommended by doctors, hospitals and public alike. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder (plain or mint flavour) and in handy tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package, and if you are troubled with indigestion in any form you cannot get a quicker or surer remedy.

DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP FIT.

Health experts are constantly drawing attention to the fact that much illness is due to the insufficient consumption of liquids, especially water. To keep fit everybody should drink, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water, but if sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, sluggish liver and constipation will add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate they will not only flush the whole of the alimentary canal, but will keep down uric acid and clear away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible waste matter, sour bile, acidity and poisonous toxins that cause ill-health and disease. All who wake with dull, aching head, have furred tongue or unpleasant taste, as well as those suffering from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation should get some 'Limestone' Phosphate from their chemist. A quarter-pound jar costs only two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water vigorous health will be quickly regained and maintained.

IF YOU BACK A WINNER

you will receive your winnings by return from the "Big Two." They offer you a complete Service for every class of bet and a square deal.

NO LIMIT

WIN OR PLACE, SINGLE EVENTS.

LETTER COMMISSIONS

are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

LONG ODDS ON FUTURE EVENTS

All transactions are private and confidential. Please write for particulars of our Service.

FOOTBALL DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Readers of this paper are invited to send name and address for our

'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL LISTS

Fixed Prices and Long Odds Totalisator.

FOURTEEN LISTS to choose from, comprising all six Divisions of English and Scottish Leagues.

NOTHING BARRED—NOTHING STARRED.

The most comprehensive and most popular Football Lists issued—Post Free.

THE "BIG TWO."

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

EVEN Sympathy's WORTH WHILE...

A 'Greatest Hour' Sequel

by ANDREW SOUTAR

IF you have nothing else to give to a person in distress don't underestimate the value of a little human sympathy: it makes a fellow feel that there's always To-morrow, and that just around the next corner may lie the opportunity for which he has been praying.

Yonder—on a table near the window—there are piles of letters that have come to me since the publication of my "Greatest Hour" article in JOHN BULL on my experience when I tried to borrow fifty pounds.

Reading those letters is like reaching out in the blackness of night and touching a body that is sobbing itself to sleep. What tragedies are being lived all around us if we only knew.

I have read every one of those letters, and I think I am sufficiently old in the tooth to be able to differentiate between the professional begging letter-writer and the genuine "under-dog" who finds himself with bare feet on the rough road.

When I die I don't suppose I shall leave ten cents, but it may be said of me that I borrowed to help a friend. And there are some epitaphs less eloquent than that.

These letters have come from every grade of society. There are few whiners among the writers: the majority have their back to the wall, "facing disaster but not defeat"! I know what they are suffering: I have suffered in like measure. Who that has not suffered can understand suffering? Or joy?

Few whiners, as I say, but in every one there is the wistful note of a heart that craves a little sympathy. And, oh! that pathetic clutching at pride: "Even if you can't help, please keep this private to yourself"!

HERE is one from an elderly schoolteacher lying on a bed of sickness. She is retarding her own physical recovery by torturing her mind with fears that she may not be able to pay the doctor's bill. And the years are passing so quickly: she may never get back to her job.

Is it foolish to imagine the existence of some rich man who owes his financial success to the teaching she imparted when he was a boy?

And here is one written on the notepaper of a famous London club. Brief, to the point, yet full of significance: "Your article describes *me*—the living, needy, bewildered me."

Does it matter that he may wear a silk hat and sport a silver-topped walking-stick as he strides down St. James's Street? He is down and out, but he must wear a mask to deceive his fellow members.

Here is one from a woman who runs a shop in the Midlands. She owes forty pounds, and the creditor comes every Friday night to demand: "Pay that thou owest"! She has pondered suicide, but she fears the Divine Punishment that may await her on the other side.

And here is a labourer who needs fifty shillings to register the plans of an invention that may lift him out of obscurity. And one from an educated man whom I knew years ago and believed to be well-to-do.

There you have the key-note. We think we know our fellows, and we don't. We judge them on thoughts, not facts. And, perhaps, we pose to each other, pretending to be that which we are not.

Empty platitudes will not help any one of these writers, although I wish it were possible to show each one the whole collection. They might find solace in the knowledge that no matter how far down the hill one has slid there is always some poor devil a little lower down still.

It is not only the fictionist's brain that can conceive of that poor woman who owes forty pounds appealing for help to the clubland swell with the silk hat and the silver-topped cane—the man to whom fifty pounds "would spell salvation," as he puts it.

I myself have been called a "mean swine" by a mendicant to whom I had given only a penny. How was he to know that it represented half my capital at that particular time?

LET'S try not to misunderstand each other in these days when a little courage may mean the triumph of the whole country. Come! Let's square our shoulders and face facts as we faced them during the Four Years' War.

There's nothing to be gained by blaming this or that phase of public life. It won't avail us anything to vilify those wealthy people who offer six-figure cheques for some arm of the Services so that men may be maimed and killed in another war. Nothing much is to be gained by kicking against the criminal flippancy of rich young fools who squander their legacies on cocktail parties.

Look here, you people who have written all these letters to me! I cannot help you financially, but let me try to impart a little of my optimism.

I have suffered as much as, if not more, than any of you. Mine is a sensitive and an active brain, and probably I see more of the injustices of life than you do.

There are times when I squirm while reading my morning newspaper. All sorts of revolutionary thoughts rush through my brain. I feel that I would give anything for the leadership of the people so that I might declaim: "We shall have no more of this." But I try to take a firm grip of myself and reason out things calmly.

The best friend you have in life—if you are sane—is yourself. And, too often, you are your own worst enemy. There are few men who cannot trace the source of their troubles to their own mistakes.

But, that optimism! The whole world is in a pretty bad state. Don't overlook the possibility of a supposed millionaire being as hard pushed for money as any labourer who owes a few pounds.

ENGLAND is sticking the hard conditions better than any other nation. We belong to England! We have weathered the severest phase of the storm: if we can hold on for another six months we shall have triumphed over our difficulties.

One of the shrewdest financiers in this country writes to me every week. We are friends in the true sense of the word. He knows that I have no money and he knows, too, that I don't give a damn for all the money he possesses.

He told me the other day (and this was after a long period of what I shall call whining) that England had turned the corner.

He said: "Andrew, so convinced am I of the turn of the tide that to-day I gave orders for improvements to my offices. The estimate runs to five thousand pounds, and I wouldn't spend that amount if I didn't feel certain about the change of luck. Before the autumn is well advanced England will stand out as the only country that has risen above the debris caused by the war."

Disabuse your mind of the fallacy that every well-dressed man you meet is more favoured than you by God. What do you know of his private life?

Listen to this and take it as truth from me: I called on a friend and his wife the other day. It was Friday. They didn't expect me, but they offered lunch, all the same. Happy, courageous, laughing divvles! And there was a delicious smell of cooking fish in the house. The little woman said to me:

"You'll take pot-luck—won't you? There's only potatoes and cabbage. . . ."

"My dear," said I, "there's nothing I like so much as fish, and I can smell that all over the place."

She was tickled to death.

"The fish is for the servant," she said. "She's a Catholic: *we* can't afford to have more than a meatless lunch."

Come, you people! Isn't that the spirit that's going to lift this old country out of the mess? We had a meatless lunch—just plain, excellent potatoes and cabbage. And jolly good, too!

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Ebor is Coming . .

WE shall have to wait until the third week of this month for the next big race—the Ebor Handicap—and by that time most backers will have recovered from the shocks administered by outsiders at Goodwood.

Thanks to the Liverpool Cup victory of Zane Grey, at 9 to 1, followed by the success of the code "double," Fonab and Apple Time, JOHN BULL readers had plenty in hand.

* * *

One event, between now and the "Ebor," which will cause a deal of interest is the St. Leger Trial Stakes:

The Hurst Park executive are staging this race. It is to be run over 1 mile 6 furlongs and 64 yards and will take place on Saturday, August 20. Glass Cutter, owned by His Majesty the King, April the Fifth, Orwell, Royal Dancer, Bulandshar and Taj Kasra are among the entries.

Chief interest will be centred in the meeting at Lewes this week-end. Make a note of Andy, Pomme D'Argent and Hazeley.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 4, to Wednesday, August 10.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O

93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

For Slack Appetites

When you're battling with slack appetites try Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Children love this crispy, crunchy cereal. Good for grown-ups, too. For breakfast, luncheon or supper.

No cooking required. Serve them straight from the packet, with cold milk or cream, or with fruit as a special treat. They help keep down the housekeeping bills—they only cost 7½d per packet—economical and convenient to serve. At all grocers in the red-and-green packet.

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG CO. of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W. C. 2

754

VICTIMS OF ASTHMA BRONCHITIS, CATARRH & HAY FEVER

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

WHY BECOME CHRONIC?

Your health is leaving you slowly, so slowly that you do not realise it. With every attack your powers of resistance are getting weaker and weaker, until, finally, you will become a chronic sufferer. No complaints cause so much suffering and anxiety as Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever, but you can

STOP SUFFERING

just as Miss Mills did (read her letter). Miss Mills can sleep through the night and her work is now a pleasure. In her letter you will see she says that she considers it is absolutely essential to read the book and keep the rules if relief is to be effected. Write for your copy of Dr. Hair's free book. Your life will be changed just as Miss Mills' and thousands of others have been changed from suffering to health.

NEW HOPE, LIFE and HAPPINESS

Dr. Hair, having suffered from Asthma at its worst, which he calls the furnace of suffering, for eleven years, finally discovered a successful treatment for himself, and was never again troubled with the complaint. Dr. Hair evolved a simple liquid preparation (taken in small doses), selling at a price within reach of those of modest means, which has worked wonders for thousands.

YOUR FIRST STEP

Send for Dr. Hair's free book which tells you in plain words how to regain perfect health. By following the simple rules of living and diet, and taking "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure" in teaspoonful doses you will be able to go to bed without fear of an attack, to sleep peacefully all night and to find that health, strength and flesh will be rapidly restored to you

Read what Miss Mills has to say about it in the following letter, and you will at once agree that doctors who recommend it have good reason for doing so.

"SO TERRIBLE DO I KNOW THE AFFLICTION TO BE"

West End House,
Tisbury, Wilts.
March 16th, 1932.

Gentlemen,

It is now three weeks since I commenced to take Dr. Hair's Cure, and the result is wonderful. My work is a pleasure and my nights good. I thank you for the book you sent me. I consider that it is absolutely essential to read the book and keep the rules if a cure is to be effected. If I were only wealthy I would put aside a portion of my wealth to buy your medicine for poor asthmatical sufferers who could not afford to buy for themselves, so terrible do I know the affliction to be. My name is nothing in this vast world, but you are most certainly at liberty to use it if you think fit.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours gratefully,

(Sgd.) ANNIE RUTH MILLS (Miss).

A DOCTOR'S THANKS.

"Thank you for your book on Asthma and allied diseases. Yours is a most marvellous discovery, and I send my hearty congratulations for the benefit not only to yourself but to humanity at large.

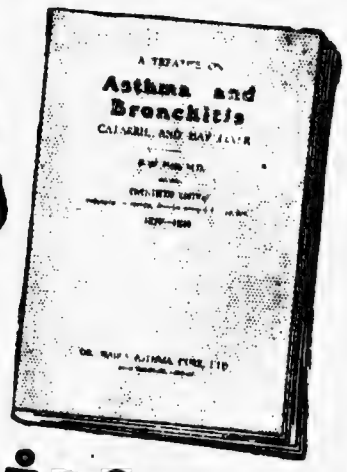
Yours very sincerely."
M.D., L.R.C.P.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR writes:

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that 'Hair's Asthma Cure' has been before the profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in asthma and bronchitis.

Yours faithfully."
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Send for your copy of Dr Hair's FREE BOOK



EST.º **Dr Hair's** 1876
ASTHMA CURE
THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

Send at once then for Dr. Hair's free book, and see how small is the trouble you need to take to become once again a healthy, happy individual.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable at Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy Whites, and all leading Chemists, at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or sent direct, post free, from address on coupon.

FREE BOOK

To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, LTD.
(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address.....

.....

.....

Post in an unsealed envelope for ½d. WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/8/32.

I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE UGLY HAIR ON MY ARMS AND LEGS. I'VE TRIED RAZORS AND DEPILATORIES BUT IT ONLY GROWS FASTER
I USE THE NEW WHITE VEET. IT BANISHES UNWANTED HAIR FOR EVER!

No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil-smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away. New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

PILES! PYLITNA

Taken in Warm water. **PILE POWDERS** 5/- & 2/6 per box (in U.K. only.)

Guaranteed harmless to the system, Pylitna Brand Powders are so effective that INJECTIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS are avoided.

Doctor (M.D., M.S.): "Best remedy for piles."
Chemist: "I know that this preparation is very good."
Australian: "Pylitna cured me."
Army man: "Feel better than for 10 years."
Lady: "Relief after first powder."
Gentleman: "Piles have completely disappeared."

Pylitna Brand Powders, 5/- and 2/6 in U.K. only.
Tablets and Ointment 5/- each.
Of Chemists or direct from (Postage 3d. extra).

C. S. MUMFORD & SONS,
(Pylitna Depot.),
102, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1 (Dept. 18.)

FREE GIFT
A USEFUL
SILVEROID SUGAR CRUSHER
or 2 Beautiful Nickel Silver Teaspoons are given every time in exchange for outside wrapper from MEL-O-ADE. The Sparkling Effervescent Drink in convenient 1/6 Cubes. Send 1½d. stamp for free samples and full particulars to—
K. DEAR-DAVIES & CO., 58, Dale Street, Liverpool.

Obtainable from Chemists, Grocers, including Co-operative Societies, Confectioners, Stores, and all Boots and Taylors Branches.

DRINK Mel-O-ade THIS SUMMER

Our Letter Parliament

THE room was very still; in the next chamber a life was passing to the great beyond. All earthly desires and troubles seemed very small and worthless, in the presence of the great trial.

Suddenly a voice broke the silence, a sentence was uttered which made me ashamed to belong to the same sex—"Don't forget, all of you, that this sideboard is going to belong to me—"

And that from a woman, the gentler sex!—*W. K., Warwicks.*

He Saved 5/-

While I was at the "vet's" a well-dressed man came in with a six-year-old dog close at his heels.

The dog was examined and found to be suffering from a skin disease.

"How much to cure him?" asked the man.

"Seven and sixpence," said the "vet."

"How much to destroy him?"

"Half-a-crown."

Pulling out a big handful of silver, the man threw down half-a-crown and said: "Destroy him, and I shall save five shillings."

He stalked out without a backward glance at the two pleading eyes.—*R. D., Aldershot.*

The Deserted Nest

I saw a look of hopeless misery in a man's eyes and heard his two children ask wistfully whether "Mummy" would be home soon.

Then I knew that "Mummy" had betrayed her sex's greatest gifts of wifehood and motherhood by leaving her home and children for another man.

I felt ashamed at that moment that one of my sex should act in so despicable a manner.—*Miss F. M., Manchester.*

Five Men: One Girl

A party of six, five men and one girl, we were sea-fishing from three boats.

We were all near together, fish were plentiful and excitement ran high.

Suddenly there was a loud splash. . . Bill, a non-swimmer, had fallen overboard!

We men seemed petrified, but the girl did not wait. She plunged in at once, although she was an indifferent swimmer.

Bill had sunk. She dived under. Then up she came, holding Bill by his hair.

We hauled them out, but how sheepish we felt!—*E. M., Ebbw Vale.*

Thief in the Night

Whilst tramping the country with a chance acquaintance, we put up in a town in Northern England, and had to sleep in a room with a crippled lad who earned a precarious living by selling matches.

During the night my fellow tramp disappeared with the whole of the cripple's small earnings and also his matches.

After seeing the cripple's emotion when he awoke I felt ashamed of my sex.—*A. F. C., Birmingham.*

Friends . . .

My brother had fallen in love, but the girl did not respond. In fact, after a long period of encouragement she finally jilted him with scarcely a word of explanation.

He became sad and sullen, and excited the ridicule of his boy friends; their banter was too much for his sensitive nature. It changed the whole course of his life; he has never been the same since.

I was really ashamed of my sex. Had his friends treated him with a little sympathy, he might have been happily married now to another woman, instead of being the morose bachelor he is.—*A. M., Alton.*

The Jibe

Just released from the factory, they crowded the top of the 'bus.

One of them pointed to a young man and cried: "Monkey Brand!" The others roared with laughter.

They did not know that his scars were caused through rescuing a woman from a burning house, and that he would never again be able to talk coherently.

He heard, for I saw him flush; but I hope he understands that those young women are the exception—not the rule.—*Mary, Sunderland.*

Man, the Barbarian

All night I lay awake. As daylight dawned I saw a little crowd in the drizzling rain. The cathedral clock boomed eight. I wept—I was only sixteen.

A uniformed man pinned a notice on a board. Men and youths jostled each other to read it. A woman was carried fainting to a car.

The whole dread business staged by man, from the initial quarrel to the "drop." Man—"a little lower than the angels"; yet in the matter of capital punishment still a barbarian.—*R. H., New Seaham.*

Shunned

Two well-bred young men, obviously Indian students from the University, once came to a dance at which I was present. To my disgust all the girls in the room shrank away from them as though they were lepers.

I could see that the two men were very embarrassed and dreadfully hurt by the way they were shunned. Soon they left the hall.

I have never felt so ashamed of my sex as I did that night. What an example of English civility and kindness to strangers in our land!—*H. R., Sheffield.*

Dogs

A dog which had been run over was writhing in pain on the road. A crowd of people were standing by, looking on.

Then a girl came forward, gently picked up the poor animal and took it to the nearest veterinary establishment.

Not a member of the strong sex had the humanity to come forward to do the good action.—*R. T., Upper Norwood.*

Womanhandled

Late one Saturday evening I saw a half-drunken navvy severely mauling a policeman.

The few men in the crowd who could have assisted the constable evidently thought discretion a safer course.

Suddenly a frail wisp of a woman threw herself on the struggling pair. She snatched at the policeman's whistle, and her shrill blast quickly brought additional help.

That woman shamed a hostile crowd by the bravest action it has been my privilege to witness.—*Lanky, Burnley.*

The Widow's "Mite"

The driver of a horse-drawn hearse flatly refused to go to within two hundred yards of the house where the body lay, because, he said, the road was too bad—it was a country lane.

The heartbroken widow came and begged him to go up to the house. Still he refused.

Taking two pounds from her bag, she said: "Will that help you?"

"Rather!" he said—and he did it quite easily.—*D. W. L., Mansfield.*

• • •

The day I went into a hairdresser's shop and saw a young man having a "permanent wave."—*Disgusted Male, Gorton.*

When my brother and his pals could jump ten of the old warehouse steps, while I, a girl of ten, could only manage eight.—*Mrs. M. J., Selby.*

I am ashamed when I see kiddies outside a public-house, tired, perhaps ragged, waiting for the mother who is inside.—*M. R., Burton-on-Trent.*

On learning that licences to vivisect animals are in some cases held by women.—*Mrs. E. K., Hull.*

WHEN I WAS Ashamed OF MY SEX

IT was during the hell of Passchendale attack. . . .

I saw two mere boys meet face to face, one was a German, the other an Englishman. Both I judged to be about eighteen.

They paused, fingering their rifles; babe scrutinising babe. Then the German fired, even as a sheepish smile began on our boy's face. He fell.

And I shall never forget the way the son of the Fatherland suddenly dropped his rifle and fell on his knees, sobbing convulsively, horrified, in an agony of contrition.

I was ashamed of my sex: Man, who made such things possible in the brutalised game of war.—Stanley Sinclair, Pinner.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 9.

What the Wireless Has Taught Me

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"The thanksgiving service will be held on Sunday evening, and the bishop will PEACH."

GLASGOW FORWARD:—"He gets to his point with no delay, and with a MAXIMUM of words."

AIR DISPLAY PAMPHLET:—"Continuous from 11.30 P.M. UNTIL DUSK."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"Those three handsome young men have all GROWN BEARS."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"Independence Day was celebrated throughout the UNTIED States."

EVENING STANDARD:—"German BANDS were actively dealt in at the opening of the London Stock Exchange."

HERTS AND CAMBS REPORTER:—"A diamond tie-pin from the Prince of MALES."

MACHINERY MARKET:—"Set of Thrashing Tackle; no reasonable offer ACCEPTED."

RICHMOND FREE PRESS:—"To wash blankets, soak for a quarter of an hour in warm soapy water. They should be washed and dried quickly in HOT SOAPY WATER."

TIT-BITS:—"From his left ear to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, the result of a DUET many years before."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"He also fixed telephones in each room, so that it was IMPOSSIBLE to communicate from one room to any other."

ST. JAMES', CARLISLE, PARISH MAGAZINE:—"A special RAIN was chartered."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Three DIVERS were fined 20s. each for excessive speed."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"A film was shown which frightened the lad so much that he got UNDER THE SEA."

"The Greatest of These—"

The Boy who Died

Jim

"HERE is a shilling, daddy," cried Jim's four-year-old brother, greatly excited, as he handed to his father through the window a Chinese nickel coin he had picked up in the road.

Then he dashed off, and the next thing his father saw was an ambulance taking away his unconscious boy. He had been run over by a taxi, and died in hospital two hours later.

Their child's death was a terrible blow to his parents. "He was a beautiful boy," said his father.

The father has been unemployed for six months and finds it difficult to keep himself, his wife, Jim and a one-year-old baby on his scanty unemployment pay.

He still feels the effects of a serious illness he went through two years ago, and his eyes are sad and weary with the additional sorrow of his little boy's tragic end.

No compensation is forthcoming, as the taxi-driver was exonerated.

Jim is a fine, bright-eyed little lad. Being only seven, he cannot realise his little brother's death; but he is aware of his parents' acute distress.

Any donation sent earmarked for Jim will come as a welcome help to his parents. All subscriptions to carry on the work of the Fund should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at this office, and copies will be sent on application.

STRAIGHT TALK TO LEG SUFFERERS.

By "VERAX."

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment, and carried out by genuine people.

Under this Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. The statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. My advice is: Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the Book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment, and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A wound, however small, is a sign of internal blood pressure. Under this pressure, the veins have given way, and the wound has formed. This pressure will continue—the weak veins will keep on breaking down and the wound become larger and larger unless you adopt correct Treatment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Write for the Book and find out for yourself how to treat your leg.

Wrong Treatment will make the wound larger and the pain more dreadful to bear. One example of wrong Treatment is carbolic dressings. This fatal drug has ruined thousands of legs. While giving a false temporary sense of ease, this drug gnaws and eats away the good sound flesh around the edges of the wound. Carbolic makes the wound larger and larger, and the nerves more sensitive and irritable, until a cure becomes impossible. Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain everything is tried, but it is all in vain! What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that wound. Write for the Book and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? A swollen leg indicates the development of a Varicose Leg, the coming of painful ulcers, the day and night torture of white leg; the swelling means overcharged blood vessels and lymphatics, which will soon be at bursting point. In short, a very BAD LEG. What will cure your swollen leg? What will take away those unsightly ankles? The answer to this question is of vital importance to you. The vessels of your leg are clogged, overcharged, stretched at high tension. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. You must get at the root of the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES.—What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. The itching, irritation, burning, and smarting, and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it.

Perhaps you suffer from Varicose weeping Eczema. The pathological process is as follows. Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg, the skin becomes fiery red and inflamed. The thread-like surface veins and cell walls rupture under this congestion, and discharge a watery fluid. This is Weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping, the itching, irritation, and burning have been intense, owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores and cells of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin, and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the Eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of Weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps it is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below, and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.—There comes a time when Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operation, for, if they are cut, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. Delay and neglect with increasing tensions in the vessels will so stretch the vein walls that the veins lose all elasticity. They will become like an over-stretched and slack piece of ruined elastic. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS.—They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement. If it is stiff when you arise and walk after resting. It is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis, Rheumatism, or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrosities may be growing around the joint to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. That is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles can never be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope and cure. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, OR PSORIASIS LEGS, VARICOSE VEIN, or SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL KNEES and JOINTS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward F.G., 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON. WARD F.G.

ADDRESS—National College, 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

.....

State Complaint.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

LIFE PENSION AND HOLIDAY CHEQUES FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

25/- and £25

EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE — OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500 CASH — EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

EASY TO ENTER NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

ENTER BY NOON, THUR, AUG. 11.

£100 INCREASED HOLIDAY AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP

£100 BONUS —to be shared by Runners-up who submit TWO Sixpenny COUPONS in same envelope.

A REGULAR Income and Free Holidays for Life again form the double First Prize attraction of "John Bull's" Crossword, while the big sum of £200 is to be won by Runners-up. Get busy with the bright and interesting squares at once and solve your holiday problems for ever.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25s. a week and a £25 Holiday Cheque yearly (or £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 18, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 25.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Drink is served at.
4. Flour is usually found in this.
8. Behaved riotously.
10. Commonest word on telephone.
12. Are used in making bitter medicine.
13. Tank has its place in this.
14. Man's seldom master of his.
15. Handkerchiefs are, when ship leaves.
17. Pig-house.
19. Youth.
22. Pierced.
24. Soft white wood.
26. Essence of the rose.
27. Schoolboy often seeks from shop-keeper.
29. Medicine often contains it.
32. Naked.
34. Donkey.
35. It stops a car.
36. Floral emblem of England.
37. It provides healthy exercise.
38. Brings us pleasant dreams.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Plentiful in ironmonger's shop.
2. Be ill.
3. Term which describes house.
4. Nuisances.
5. Warmth makes snow do this.
6. Relating to the countryside.
7. Mice eat away at it.
9. Afternoon meal.
11. Told an untruth.
16. Water is usually found in this.
18. To break it causes pain.
20. Usually found in refrigerator.
21. Good batsman does this to bowling.
22. Thrown up when peace is signed.
23. Appals the temperance fanatic.
24. What poor old father's often called.
25. Use wrongly.
28. Billiards players use these.
30. Coarse file.
31. Noah's refuge.
33. Before.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 11, 1932.

2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 25, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 6, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

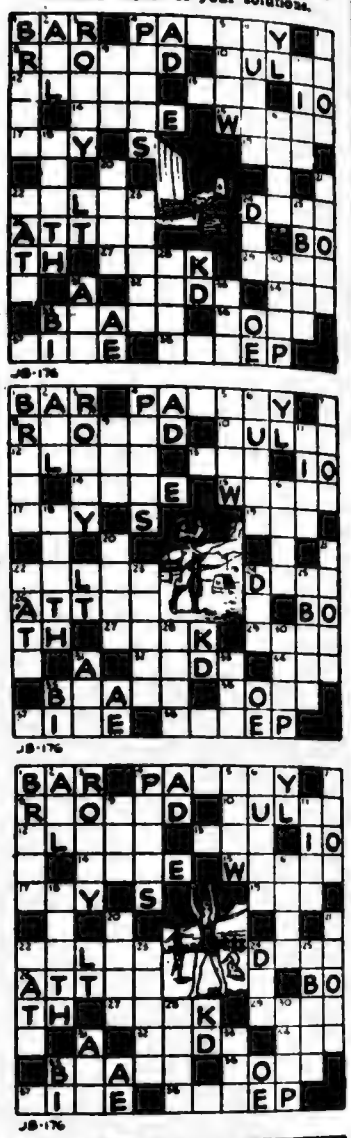
5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB-176

JB-176

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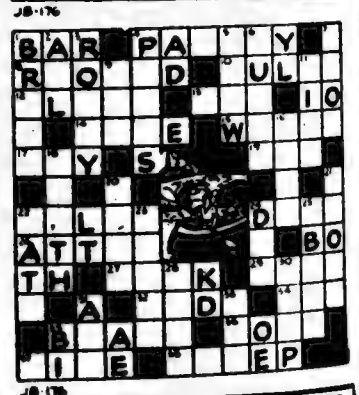
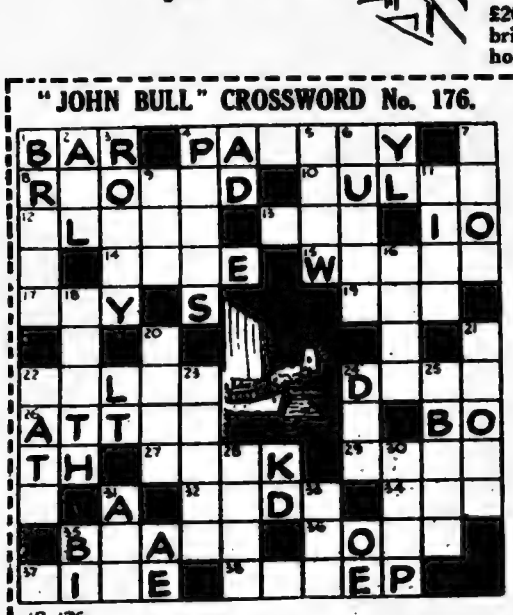
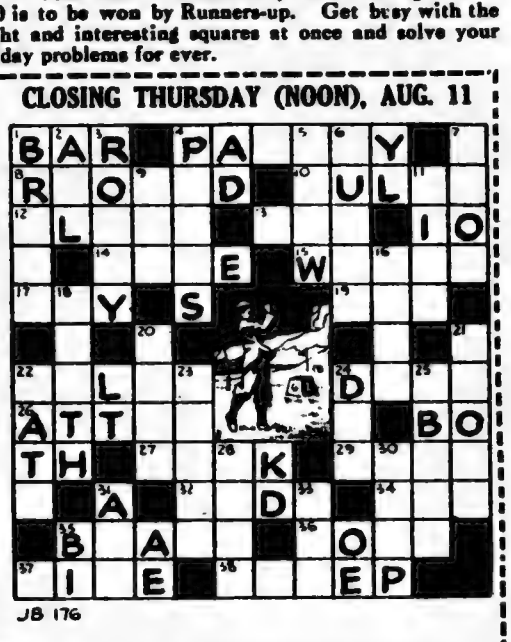


JB-176

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 176. **CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 11**



JB 176



JB 176

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

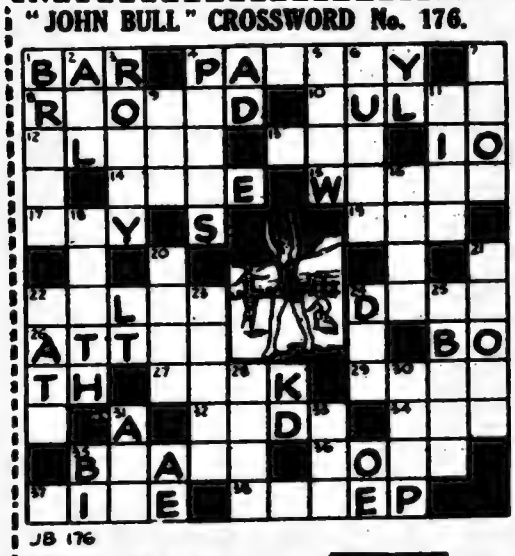
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 176. **CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 11**



JB 176

JB 176

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

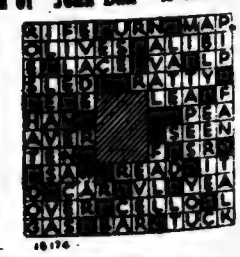
Address Entry: "JOHN BULL," CROSSWORD No. 176, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 174



JB 174

Winners in 173 on page 32

Result of 174 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 174 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff

S. K. D. (Leeds). "I've been badly let down." This should teach you to put up the hammock more carefully in future.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

B. L. (Staines).—"I've never been first in anything." You are to-day.

Mrs. G. (Norwich).—"My husband has got a job as a town crier." Oyes!

L. B. (Bromley).—"An expert cocktail-mixer can earn a good wage." It's a flourishing profession, of course.

M. M. (Felpham).—"Wireless is no longer in its infancy." Yet some sets still howl all night.

F. G. (Bournemouth).—"I have no time for small and impudent nephews." We can't spare our watch, either.

F. M. (Cowes).—"I may write my next letter to you on one of the big yachts." Well, thank goodness, you will not be able to post that.

G. B. (Bearsted).—"Scientists say that it is impossible for hair to turn grey overnight." Just wait until grey becomes the popular colour for human hair.

POLITICIAN (Hampstead).—"What do you see on every hand to-day?" The Yo-Yo.

Mr. H. (Hove).—"I have done a lot of diving since I came down here." Into your pocket?

F. M. (Bury).—"Old age cannot be achieved by living in a glass cage." Railway buffet buns seem to manage it.

O. S. (Hatfield).—"There's a lot of litter lying about in my garden." We've thrown away all our sweepstake tickets, too.

T. A. (Esher).—"What would you call a chap who can always smile, even if things are going wrong all around him?" A golf caddie.

C. M. (Birmingham).—"I am not so bad as I look." Judging by the photograph you enclose we will give you the benefit of the doubt.

Miss G. (Lewisham).—"My accomplishments are singing and typewriting letters." We should prefer to hear you sing.

Miss ANNE (Ilford).—"What precisely is an excursion train?" A train on which there was just room for the person who arrived before you.

Mrs. N (Yarmouth).—"A maid ought to be permitted to listen to the wireless." If her work is not satisfactory, she should be compelled to.

G. A. (Newmarket).—"Have you noticed that many racehorses are given peculiar names?" Especially when they don't finish in the first three.

N. E. (Lancaster).—"The lie of the land is a vital matter when purchasing a building site." And so is the lie of the land agent.

CONTENTED (Tottenham).—"The worst thing that can happen to a man is for him to win a lot of money." Most people are prepared for the worst.

L. M. F. (Sutton).—"I have music incessantly in my head." Well, it's a good job there's something to brighten up the dreary solitude.

P. R. (Notts).—"I have written to you frequently, but you took no notice." This isn't the first time we have been admired for our self-control.

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"My advice to sea-bathers is to stuff their ears with cotton wool." Another way to avoid hearing the concert party on the beach is to go for a long walk inland.

R. S. (Bath).—"My twin-brother is not a bit like me." We congratulate him.

T. G. H. (Liverpool).—"What is the time people usually choose for working in the garden?" Some other time.

Miss ANNE (Manchester).—"I have often seen stories in the fire." We have often seen stories that ought to be.

M. Y. (Purley).—"What are some of the modern young girls getting up to?" Lunch.

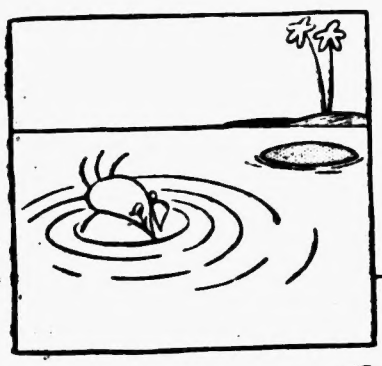
H. F. (Luton).—"Why do editors invariably return my poems?" Perhaps they read them.

D. N. (Daventry).—"Every man should look up to his father." What about Carnera?

T. M. (York).—"You may consider me stupid." Thanks, but your permission came too late.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"Do you not think writing is a great boon?" Not after reading your letter.

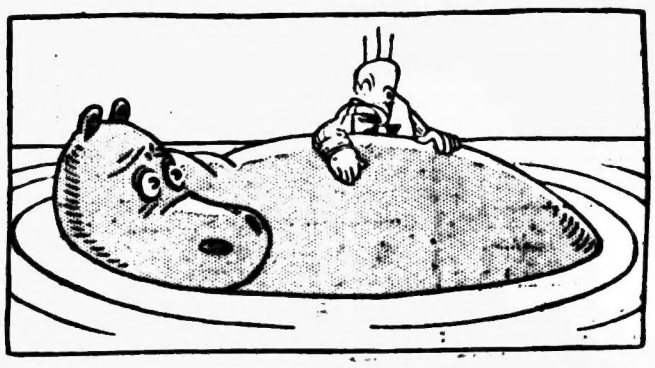
D. M. (Hitchin).—"Smart clothes often turn a woman's head." Yes, especially if worn by another woman.



D. C. (Benfleet).—"True lovers are few." But not far between.

T. M. (Grendon).—"I spend a lot of my spare time in the river." We had to learn to punt, too.

BETTY (Wimbledon).—"I keep hearing the call of the wild." You must be a telephone operator.



ADAMSON'S Island

B. J. (Eccles).—"Nobody in these days can make a living from the soil." What about the laundries?

DAISY (Aberdeen).—"For some reason or other I wanted to write you, but I can't remember what I wished to say." You have lost your reason?

N. P. (Malvern).—"Tailors require exceptional skill and tact." Unfortunately that is not all our tailor requires.

Mrs. T. (Newcastle).—"During a recent house sale, I read, an Alsatian which had just been sold savaged the auctioneer." The latter began it, of course, by knocking the animal down.

B. V. (Hampstead).—"What do marrows grow best in?" The imagination.

FREE LANCE (Leeds).—"The other editors turned down my articles, so now I'm trying you." You are!

J. M. (Garston).—"I wrote this letter with a broken pencil." There is certainly no point to it.

JACK (Brighton).—"I am trying to teach a charming girl to swim, but she is not making much headway." See letter below.

TOM (Brighton).—"To-day I saw the girl I taught to swim last year taking lessons from another boy." See letter above.

D. M. (Bury).—"Can you make anything of the enclosed?" No, our office-boy is on holiday, and we do not make paper-boats.

E. P. (Clapham).—"Where are London's finest gardeners to be found?" In our railway carriage each morning.

B. N. (Padiham).—"Have you heard of the new bullet-proof material which withstands shot at five paces?" Yes, and won't it upset the laundry people!

DAD (Chingford).—"My schoolboy son often writes notes on his shirt cuff." If he is anything like the average schoolboy he'll have to use chalk.

B. M. (Glasgow).—"We've had a great many real summer days in Scotland this year." How unfortunate. We've had quite a lot of beautiful sunshine in England.

SIMPSON (Brighton).—"You couldn't have read all my article because some of the pages were untouched." We don't have to eat the whole of an egg to tell if it's bad.

A. E. T. (Blackburn).—"I have been amusing myself watching my neighbour's doves." Time flies also, but you still have time to win £1,250, a Rover Saloon Car and £20 Yearly to watch the sea-gulls.

Turn to page 31.

NATURALIST (Ilford).—"What do we see in our country lanes to-day?" Any amount of men lying on their backs wondering what on earth induced them to go hiking.

MABEL (Streatham).—"I have had the great pleasure of saying 'No' to dozens of men." There has been a perfect plague of vacuum salesmen round our district lately, too.

F. M. (Glasgow).—"A sixty-year-old Scotswoman recently broke off her engagement with a man of eighty-six." Perhaps she thought it silly to marry a man old enough to be her father.

D. L. (Watford).—"I read that, in an American police court, a woman spoke a language which could not be understood by any of the many interpreters present." Perhaps it was English as spoken in Hollywood.

TAFF (Penclawdd).—"Is it not right that the Welsh were the first to wear the kilt?" No! None but the thrifty Scot could have invented half-length, single-barrelled trousers.

B. C. (New York).—"General Pershing says that the world, and America in particular, is governed by 'cheap' politicians." The sentiment is right, but is "cheap" exactly the word?

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Rheumatism Stiff Joints

Be Warned in Time!

Sharp, shooting pains in the muscles, the intense pain of rheumatism—do not wait until you have to "give up," crippled or bed-ridden.

If you fear any symptoms of kidney trouble or heart-weakening rheumatism, get a supply of De Witts Brand Pills and take them regularly. There is no safer or surer remedy.

De Witts Brand Pills are safe, certain and sure in all cases of Kidney Disorder, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Uric Acid Troubles, Impurities of the Blood, Loss of Vigour and Vitality. Get a 3/-, or the more economical 5/-, supply to-day and be pain-free, stronger and feel younger than ever.

Beware of worthless imitations. The genuine DeWitts Brand Pills are sold only in the white, blue and gold cartons.

DE WITTS

BRAND

Kidney and Bladder PILLS

I WANTED TO HIDE MY FACE

"The first time I met the man who is now my husband I felt like covering my face so he could not see my complexion. Then I had a greasy, sallow skin, enlarged pores, and even wrinkles beginning to show, though I was only 33.

At that moment I made up my mind that I would get rid of these ugly blemishes if it was humanly possible. I had often read about Crème Tokalon Skinfood, but somehow I had never used it. I wish I had known sooner!

I know there are scientific reasons why Crème Tokalon does such miraculous things for the skin, but the thing that is more important to me is that after I had used it only a month, I lost all trace of the dead colour and wrinkles that used to make me look old.

My husband won't admit it now, but I know he would never have looked at me if I hadn't deliberately made him, by making my complexion irresistible. If there are other women who have put off using Crème Tokalon Skinfood as I did, I wish I could make them start to-day!"

NOTE: What she did, any woman can do. Use Crème Tokalon Rose Colour Skinfood at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

No matter what you do—

—your face powder STAYS ON

Many a man has been won by a beautiful complexion. Women who know this secret are particular to always use face powder blended with mousse of cream. It stays on for hours at a time, in spite of wind, rain, or even when dancing in a warm ballroom. The mousse of cream not only makes the powder very adherent and invisible, but it does away with a shiny nose and sleek, greasy coarse appearance. In Poudre Tokalon, the mousse of cream is scientifically blended with the finest air-floated powder, by patented process. Poudre Tokalon is the only face powder which gives to any woman's complexion that indescribable fresh, youthful appearance all men so much admire.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222 M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALDHEADS
By Using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree:

"I was practically bald," he states, "and **now I have an abundance of hair** which **my photo shows.**

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that **I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 V.G.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

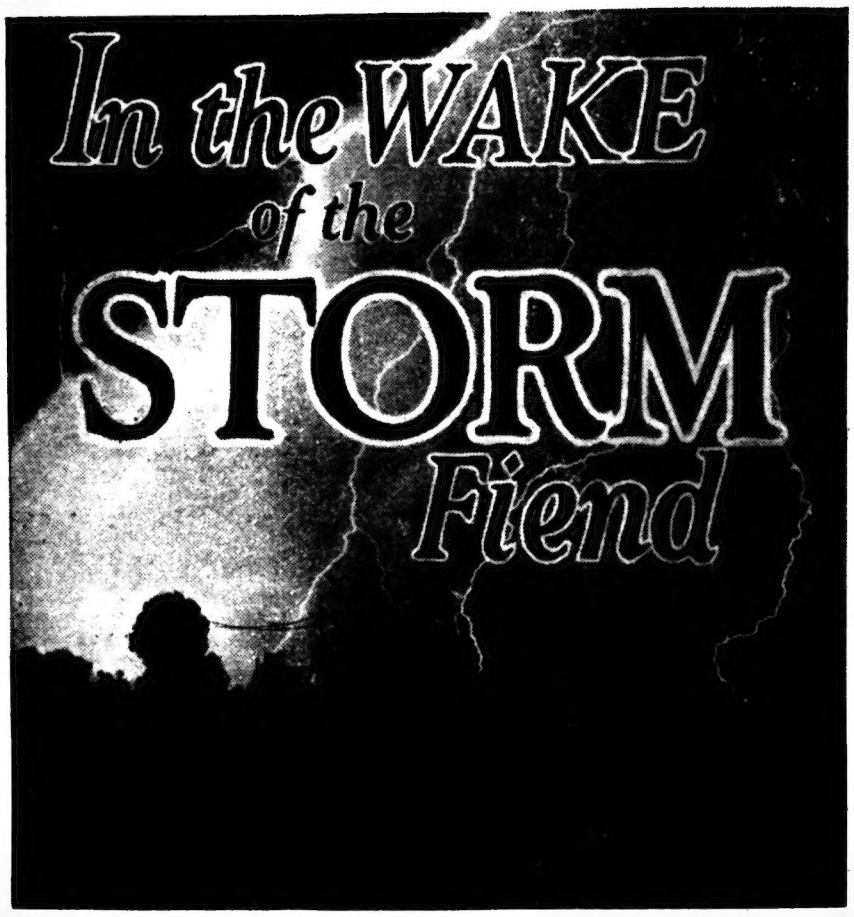
Name .....

Address .....

.....

EMKOLENE OINTMENT for PILES

Wonderful new remedy. Gives instant relief from suffering. Proved by hundreds. Never fails, harmless, non-soiling. 3/- post free in plain cover. **Booklet free** in plain wrapper.—Emkolene Mfg. Co., 21, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1.



C-R-A-S-H! The thunder shakes the house to its foundations. Jagged lightning etches fantastic patterns on the storm clouds. The torrential downpour which follows sounds like the roaring of a hundred rivers.

The recent storms and floods have caused widespread damage. Ground-floor rooms were filled with water. Precious belongings in many JOHN BULL homes were water-soaked and ruined.

Lighting played havoc. Damage to wireless was widespread.

JOHN BULL has dispatched many cheques to readers whose homes stood in the path of the storms.

Our readers should keep ever in mind that JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Storm, Flood and Lightning Benefits. It is also the only paper to pay Fire and Sickness Benefits under its Free Insurance.

Since the beginning of this year we have paid no less than 1,654 cheques on account of Storm, Flood, Lightning, and damage to wireless apparatus.

A HOLIDAY PRECAUTION.

If you have not yet registered, be sure to do so before you go away on holiday. You will then be covered whilst you are away in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. There is only one condition. In case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that you purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving you instructed your newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on your return.

The only Paper to pay Storm, Flood, Fire and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6/8/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 6/8/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!
JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., Ltd.
A Strong Balance Sheet.

The forty-first annual general meeting was held at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, on July 20, 1932.

The Right Hon. Lord Essendon, presiding, said: It is a matter of regret that the results of the past year's working are not more satisfactory, but, having regard to the conditions which have prevailed, particularly in the past few months, there is ground for satisfaction that we are not only able to present to you a strong balance-sheet, but also to distribute a total dividend of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

The profit and loss account needs very little comment. We have again included an amount transferred from taxation reserve, viz., £100,000, and there are also included some items which, strictly speaking, are non-recurring profits. Including the amount brought forward from last year, there is an available balance of £586,658; we have transferred £150,000 to depreciation; after distributing dividends leaves £182,595 to be carried to the balance sheet, and from which the balance of the new issue expenses has been written off. From the revenue point of view, the company has derived very little benefit from the new capital.

As regards the outlook for shipping, the improvement which had been hoped for in December last had been delayed. However, the inspiring influence of the Lausanne Agreement, to be followed, it is hoped, by a successful outcome of the Ottawa Conference, would go a long way towards restoring confidence and towards setting the wheels of commerce into motion. My own view is that the only solution having any prospects of success would be a voluntary international laying-up scheme under which the shipowners of the world would enter into a "gentlemen's agreement" to lay up a certain percentage of their vessels for an agreed period.

Having referred to the position of the various subsidiary companies, the chairman, in conclusion, said: I must again pay tribute to our staffs ashore and afloat. I know of no more loyal body of men who have worked with enthusiasm and no small measure of success under difficult conditions and we are grateful to them. Therefore, I am sure you will join with the directors in expressing our thanks to the staffs for their services. (Applause.)

The report was unanimously adopted.

"JUICE STAINS ON HIS FLANNELS!"
—And the Kiddie one Mass of Bites!"

If you or anyone in your household wears false teeth, one thing is nearly certain—somewhere in the bathroom is a bottle of Milton. And wherever there is Milton there is more than the perfect scientific cleanser of false teeth—there is a friend in a hundred emergencies. Indeed, so many and various are the uses of Milton that it would be impossible even to list them, in this space. That is why, with every bottle, you are presented with one of the most striking documents you have ever read, entitled "154 ways to use Milton."

If you already have a bottle of Milton in the house for one purpose, why not use it for the odd hundred and fifty others? Here is summertime, for instance—a season in which every day brings some fresh need for Milton. White flannels are stained with fruit juice. Milton will remove the stains. Feet are hot and tired. Milton will draw out the weariness in two minutes. Insect bites and heat bumps—Milton will instantly remove the anger and itch. Milton will allay sunburn. Milton will relieve hay-fever. Milton will remove the odour of perspiration. All these things and countless others, diverse though they are, Milton will do for you—not "perhaps," not "doubtfully," but with complete effectiveness.

Read through the booklet enclosed with your bottle. Then—*try* Milton, for any of the purposes on the list. "Miraculous"—will be the word you are looking for!

XMAS 1932
AGENTS WANTED
ANNIVERSARY YEAR
WE PAY THE BIGGEST
COMMISSION IN THE TRADE
HANDSOME CASH PRIZES
FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Write NOW for this attractive Catalogue and everything to commence with, to:—
WALKER & HANNAM, Ltd.,
DEPT. No. 20, BRADFORD

RECORD 3-IN-1 AUGUST PRIZE

£1,250

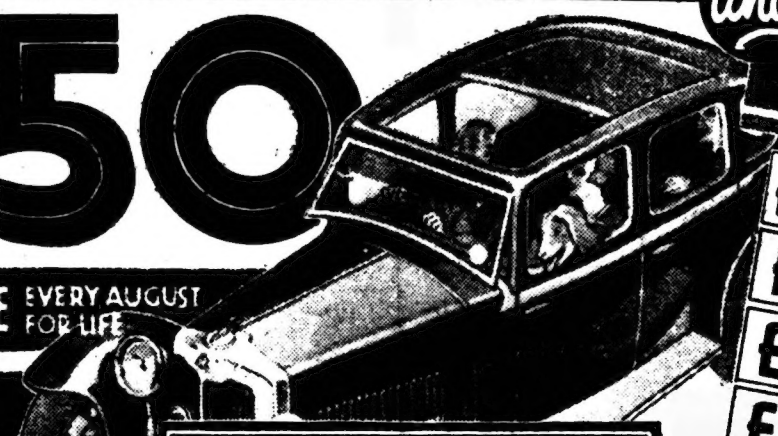
AND

£20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

AND

£225 MOTOR-CAR

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF **£1,500 Cash**



THIS £225 "ROVER" SUNSHINE SALOON

is the Luxurious 10 25 H.P Motor Car selected by "John Bull" to accompany this week's record August First Prize of £1,250 and £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life.

Guaranteed by its famous makers for two years, supplied in the colour of your choice, completely equipped and ready for the road, this £225 car is the ideal one for you.

WIN IT FOR A "BULLET."

and 49 BIG BULLETS HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£100	£25	£20	£19
£18	£17	£16	£15
£14	£13	£12	£11
£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	2 of £5	30 of £2-10	

500 OF 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGET PRIZES, 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT—ENTER NOW!

A FEW days more and the fight for the biggest August Holiday Prize in the long history of *Bullets* will be over. For the best *Bullet* entered this week, not one, but *three fine prizes* will be awarded.

To begin with, the winner will receive a cheque for £1,250. Next, a luxurious £225 "Rover" Sunshine Saloon, an ideal family car which will provide you with trouble-free motoring for years to come.

To these two fine prizes JOHN BULL will add another every year of your life—a £20 Holiday Cheque each August. Should he prefer it, the First Prize-winner may select a lump sum of £1,500 cash.

This sensational First Prize, however, is only one of fifty strong reasons why you should use the coupons on this page. The other reasons are the forty-nine big Holiday Cheques ranging gradually from £100 to £2 10s.

To make a *Bullet*, study the *Examples* given, some of which are sure to set your thoughts moving. Jot down any rough ideas which occur to you and, taking them one by one, seek to compress some apt and original comment into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, neatly linked to the *Example* chosen.

As a specimen, suppose you take the *Example* CRUMBLING WORLD; by adding to it the words 'DUST" MUSTN'T "BLIND" IT, a *Bullet* is completed.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the *Bullets* which have won big prizes this week.

With these winning styles in mind, go ahead with your efforts and make sure that you enter them by Saturday, August 13.

ANOTHER 50 HOLIDAY PRIZES AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE OF £600 AND £10 YEARLY, COMPETITION No. 857.

Mr. A. G FAULKNER, 7, Cecil Road, Exeter.

Example: THEIR HOLIDAY

Bullet: CHEAP—OTTAWA "BRACING" EMPIRE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. BAGLIN, c/o 88, Westbourne Terrace, London, W.

Example—End Of The Story

Bullet—Some Politicians Think "Title."

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr I TAYLOR, 20, Cheetwood Street, Bury New Road, Manchester.

Example—Miss England

Bullet—Modern "Witch" Getting *Sunburnt*.

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: P. WELLER, Rookery Lodge, Westcott, Dorking.
Miss England—"Giddy," But "Heart's Good."

£20: W. A. BELL, 129, Kingsway, Manchester.
From Soil—For Militarism's "Seed"—"Breeders."

£19: A. E. PAYNE, 15, Wakefield Road, Brighton.
She Wanted A Thrill, So—Visited "Jolly Old Storms."

£18: M. E. TOWNSEND, "Pentruff," Osney Crescent, Paignton.
Lost Mother's Ring—Dinner *Found*.

£17: I. M. ANDERSON, 14, Castle Street, Aberdeen.
Tough Customer—"Dentist Out? I'll Wait."

£16: G. READEY, 22, Alfred Street, Liverpool.
Experience Teaches—So Motorist *Avoids* Skidding.

£15: R. STEPHENSON, 12d, Steamer Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Sleepy Village—Revisited—Wanderer Recognised *Station*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: J. G. PEPPER, Ivy Dene, Misterton, via Doncaster.
Non-stop Variety—"Lifebelt" Saving The Stage.

£13: J. ROBBIE, Braeheads, St. Monance, Fife.
End Of The Story—*And* Sandy's Bookstall Visits.

£12: A. CARTER, 48, Newton Street, Tutbury.
Our Grocer—His Smiles "Graded." Also.

£11: F. KNIGHT, Limes Avenue, Horley.
Their Holiday—Kept *Pa's* Hands *Unscanned*.

£10: Mrs. B. A. JOHNSTON, Toddington, Haigh, Nr. Wigan.
Twiddling His Thumbs—Member—Sucking Thumb's Undignified.

£9: Miss M. HUNT, 23, Ilsham Road, Torquay.
Taste Of Freedom—Then Work "Swallows" Us.

£8: P. HUNT, 6, Suffolk Street, Leamington Spa.
Shows He's American—Tip—Lip—And Hip.

£7: Miss L. MERRITT, 12, Horsfall Street, Halifax.
When Father Started—Fishing—Basket Was *Heavier*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: F. G. POWELL, c/o 31, Mount Road, Hayes, Middlesex.
Man's Undoing—Calling Weapon A "Shield."

£5: D. A. LEWIS, "Brynceri," Newcastle-Emlyn, S. Wales.
Sleepy Village—Disturbed, City "Stretching Out."

A list of 30 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 856 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 856 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. H. Holmes, Gold Street, Wellingborough.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 860

CRUMBLING WORLD	MATCH FOR HER	TRADE OFFENSIVE
SWAMPED WTH DEBTS	SHARP AS A KNIFE	DR. SUNSHINE
MAKES LIFE A HOLIDAY	ONLY A LITTLE	SHE PREFERS
TO ESCAPE TAXATION	WARM-HEARTED	IN YOUTH
MAN WITH A CHEQUE-BOOK	CARELESSLY	HEROIC
BEACH PHOTOGRAPHER	THE JOCKEY	AT OUR WEDDING
ACCORDING TO THE GUIDE	STIFLING A YAWN	GLOWING TRIBUTE
OFF THEY WENT AND	IN LOVERS' LANE	IF WE CAN
CAUSE OF THE ARGUMENT	HOLLOW MOCKERY	SHOOTING AHEAD
QUEUE OF UNEMPLOYED	QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST	CHEERFUL OUTLOOK
GLORY OF THE GARDEN	ARMY OF TOURISTS	

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(860) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Aug. 13
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(860) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Aug. 13
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(860) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Aug. 13
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(860) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Aug. 13.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 860, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

DON'T HESITATE—

Ensign Film is on your side!

Why is it that the sun always seems to hide itself just when you've got the picture posed exactly right? And so often the picture won't wait for the sun! That is when Ensign Film is on your side. Because of its greater speed and sensitivity, it allows you a wider margin and helps to correct any small mistake you may make. Take your holiday snaps on Ensign Film this Summer and get eight perfect pictures every time!

The Camera Illustrated is the Famous Ensign Pocket Twenty costing only 25/6.

ENSIGN FILM

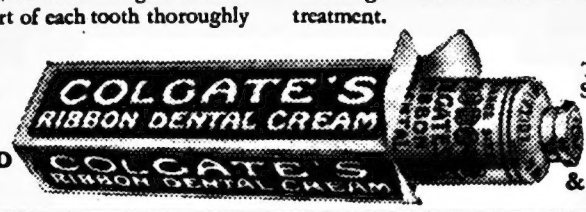
Ensign Limited, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. arks

Facts not "*fiction*" sell this toothpaste

the favourite of millions

For years toothpastes have come and gone. Now one springs up and bids for leadership . . . now another. But to-day . . . as 25 years ago, Colgate's is still used by more people . . . recommended by more dentists than other similar products. The reason for such continuous success is obvious. Colgate's cleans every part of each tooth thoroughly . . . completely. It has never claimed to do more. Some toothpastes promise to correct mouth acidity and other dental ills. Yet the highest dental authorities have proven conclusively that no toothpaste can effect cures. A toothpaste's work starts and ends with cleansing. Never use it as a treatment.

MADE IN ENGLAND



TWO SIZES 6D & 1/-

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Stead Blades give you more shaves at less cost because supplied in a Wallet—a blade for each day of the week. This gives each blade a week's rest which makes its edge remain as keen as new for months.

STEAD *Razor Blades*

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6D

£600 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 173.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 11 competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £45 9s. 9d. will be sent:—

M. A. Almas, 24 Flat, Bastion Rd., Gibraltar. T. C. Attridge, 91, Burrell Rd., Ipswich. V. A. Bateman, 25, Gale Rd., Litherland, Liverpool. H. Dana, 72, Queen's Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne. A. H. Homer, 211, High St., Harborne, Birmingham. F. Jones, 24, Queen's Rd., New Tredegar, Mon. H. W. Masharath, Greycroft, Grange Rd., Lowes. J. H. Myers, 20, Rochester St., Bradford. Mrs. Norwood, 221, Littleworth Rd., Hednesford, Staffs. A. E. Stanaway, 10, Low St., Southwick, Sunderland. G. E. Stephens, 42, Whitney Rd., Leyton, E.10.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by Last Post, Tuesday, August 16th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 85 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive £1 9s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Great Holiday X-Word with Splendid 2-in-1 First Prize on page 28.

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

11

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